



# THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE

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## Beauty.

The lesson which the many colored shies,  
The flowers and leaves and painted butterflies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings  
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
The brightness of the human countenance,  
Its play of smile, the magic of a glance,  
Forever more repeat,  
In varied tones and sweet—  
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

## The Pen Mightier than the Sword.

The editor of the *Penman's Art Journal*, commenting upon the oft-quoted lines of Edward Bulwer Lytton,

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword,"—

very aptly says:

"Whether or not the oft-repeated saying, 'the pen is mightier than the sword,' is true, is dependent upon the circumstances under which they are wielded. In estimating their relative power we may properly treat the sword as the symbol and agent of organized physical force, while the pen symbolizes the great moral power of the world,—that which civilizes and elevates the untutored savage to a man of letters, science and refinement. Thus viewed, there can be no doubt but that the pen now exercises upon the world a power balanced with which the sword weighs as naught. Even in warfare, as conducted in modern times under the code observed by all civilized nations, the sword itself becomes little more than the agent of the pen. At its command the sword is sheathed or unsheathed, and its blows are directed, given or withheld, at its command. In olden times, when the rule of the world was 'might made right,' the voice of the pen, if not altogether silent, was but feebly heard. The sword was the one recognized power. Under its sway kings and tyrants arrogated to themselves the divine right to rule the masses, as slaves having no rights which a king was bound to respect. But gradually the pen has asserted its supremacy, and emancipated itself and the world from the thralldom of the sword. Its victories have been those of light over darkness, truth over error, civil and religious liberty over the tyranny of royal and priestly bigots and despots. From their hands it has wrested the sword, and broken forever its power; and in place of empires, ruled by tyrants, the pen has opened the way for nations founded and governed by the people, for the people. And in later times, assisted by its handmaid, the press, it has, at an accelerated speed, led the van of progress in all departments of human thought and research.

"Verily, the pen is mightier than the sword."

## Artificial Marble.

We read the following in an English journal. It is news for us, even here: "The manufacture of 'bonislate,' or artificial marble, has become quite an industry in Newark, New Jersey. It is said to be made from green ground bones as a basic cement, in some way which is not published. The material can be moulded in a plastic state into bars, sheets or slabs, and turned, polished or sawed into the desired shape. By

the addition of coloring matters, it can not only be made to imitate marbles, but coral, jet and malachite. It is chiefly used for billiard balls, canes, dominoes, buttons, and such like articles."

## Ladies' Handwriting.

WITH PORTRAIT OF ANNIE DEANE SHAW.

We frequently read in the newspapers, and hear the assertion made in society, that all our good writers are men. Not long ago so able a paper as the *St. Louis Republican* gave it as its editorial opinion that a good hand among ladies was unknown; that they could not learn to write what sensible business men would call a respectable hand. The fashionable ladies' seminaries in that locality had evidently warped the editor's judgment, and he had not taken the pains to inspect any good penmanship from other parts of the country. "The stylish angular hand, as used in the best society," advertised by a lady writing teacher in New York, is not the hand that any business man would want, certainly; nor is it an elegant style. Its chief defect, we should say, is its illegibility. One loses all patience in trying to decipher it. We are glad to know that it is no longer even the fashionable hand.

During the past seven years the writer has received many thousands of letters from ladies in all parts of the country inquiring respecting changes they contemplated making in their penmanship. He has found that those writing that style are the most anxious to change it, and that they desire a different hand taught those in their own families. The English angular hand, among ladies, is going out of date, as did the angular hand of the gentleman, many years ago; and we are very confident that there will be little regret expressed at its disappearance.

Many ladies in various parts of the country are teaching the new style with encouraging success, and there is a wide field open among women who are anxious for good work in which to do it. Let our lady teachers learn to write well, and to teach a good hand, and great

numbers of their own sex will be the gainers thereby.

Miss ANNIE DEANE SHAW, of Machias, Maine, whose portrait is given herewith, is one of the best writers of her sex in this country. As a private lady, she has consented to allow the publication of her autograph, if it may be the means of encouraging others to acquire a good hand. It may prove to some that it is not by any means impossible for ladies to do so, even by home practice, without a teacher.

## The Great Fog.

The fog which prevailed in London from November, 1879, to February, 1880, was so remarkable both for its denseness and protractedness as to constitute it one of the most memorable fogs on record. The question has been investigated by Dr.

Arthur Mitchell, and the results recently published in the journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society. The increase in the death rate was truly enormous, as these figures, giving the whole mortality for each of the seven weeks ending February 21, show: 1,754, 1,730, 1,900, 2,200, 3,376, 2,495, and 2,016; in other words, several thousand

when the fog was at its worst, to 331 per cent. above its average. In the case of the diseases, however, the relief did not come instantaneously with the cessation of the fog, but injuries of a more permanent nature appear to have been sustained, which kept the death rate at a high figure for some time after the fog had finally disappeared. Whooping cough exhibited these characteristics in even a still more pronounced manner. The pernicious effects of the fog lingered still longer in the system, so that while the death rate rose during the worst week of the fog to 182 per cent. above the average, four weeks thereafter it had fallen no lower than 74 per cent. above the normal mortality of whooping cough. It is singular, and, particularly to the medical profession, profoundly interesting, that deaths from croup, diphtheria, and rheumatism did not show any distinct relation to the fog. As regards other diseases, the deaths from which are registered, they equally did not appear to show any steady connection with the fog's varying denseness and persistency. This pernicious and deadly character of fog on persons suffering from these diseases is not due to fog as such, but to the noxious qualities imparted to it by our large towns. Dr. Angus Smith has shown that the air of Manchester during an extremely dense fog contained 20.85 per cent. of oxygen, or one tenth per cent. less than the normal quantity. The pernicious character of fog, however, is to be traced not so much to this slight diminution of atmospheric oxygen as to the presence of positively deleterious substances.—*Nature.*

## Ornamental Penmanship.

Some very beautiful ornamental pieces will soon be ready for publication in the *GAZETTE*. We hope to have one from our engravers for the next issue. Our most famous ornamental penmen will be represented. This feature alone will be worth far more than the cost of the paper for the entire year.

A writer in *Nature* says, that before the voyage of the Challenger scarcely thirty deep sea fishes were known; that although this number has been very much increased, yet no new types or families have been discovered, and that, although perfectly novel and very interesting modifications of certain organs have been met with, there has been nothing more discovered than what might have been expected from what was known previously of the group.

Sloth makes 'all things difficult, but industry, 'all things easy.



Annie Deane Shaw

persons fell victims to the disastrous fatality of this great fog. An examination of the figures in the registrar general's report shows that no approach so large an increase in the death rate showed itself in any of the other British large towns, and in none of these did fog of a noteworthy character occur. Of all diseases, asthma was the most directly influenced in its fatality by the fog, for as the density of the fog increased, so did the deaths, from asthma, and as the fog abated, relief came at once to the asthmatic, and the death rate instantly fell. Thus the mortality rose to 220 per cent. above the average during the week of densest fog, but as the fog gave way, the mortality fell to 40 per cent. below the average. Bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, and other lung diseases appeared also with an enormously increased fatality, the mortality from bronchitis rising during the week,



## Sketches of Travel.

## THROUGH MOROCCO TO FEZ.

The conference recently held at Madrid has, at any rate, shown a great number of people that Morocco is a strange country, and that the natives are given to outrage. The atrocities perpetrated some weeks ago told us that the consular protection is of a very anomalous character, and has been frequently abused. Public curiosity respecting the country has been already stirred, so in the following pages we propose to give a brief description of Morocco, its people, and the chief places within its borders. The easiest way to reach Tangiers is from Gibraltar, and we will, therefore, at once cross the straits.

What a contrast! Behind us we have left the bustling crowd, crowded with British troops, and bristling with cannon. On all sides civilization and evidences of a Christian community are observable; cross the tumbling water, and all is changed. You are in an unknown land. Three short hours have made the difference. Civilization is ignored; a Christian, if not openly regarded as an enemy, is suspected; and Europe is morally and physically the opposite land. Even the landing is different, for we are carried ashore on the backs of half-naked Arabs, our chins, perchance, resting upon their polished skulls, and our toes dipping into the water.

The first thing that will strike the visitor to Morocco is the peculiar aspect of the natives. Everything about them is strange. Their dress, their attitudes, looks, the dreary expression on their faces, their bare, metallic-looking skulls and fixed eyes, combined with their cloaked appearance, give them the aspect of a colony of spectres or of a Dominican brotherhood left loose. And the streets are quite in keeping with the population. The City of Tangiers is simply a labyrinth of lanes, crooked and not clean. The houses are square, white, and windowless, half convent, half prison, with doors so small that entrance is not easy: domiciles fit for "hide and seek" rather than for residence, and redolent of garlic, fish, and other odors, all the houses wearing, like their owners, the weary air of mystery and *ennui*.

The first appearance of Tangiers, therefore, is certainly not cheerful to the late sojourner at Gibraltar. Nor can the visitor amuse himself, or rather herself (for ladies like shopping), by gazing at windows and appraising wares. The shops are mean to a degree. Those in the only square, around which are the various legations, are wretched. Here is the well defined shore upon which the sea of barbarism breaks—a line of civilization merely. The rest is all barbaric—a dead sea of unknown extent.

But if the aspect of the city be dull during the day, what shall we say of it at night? Fully illuminated by a refulgent moon, which lights up the white walls with almost dazzling splendor, Tangiers is a city of the dead. The cloaked spectres have disappeared into the whited sepulchres—the houses. A bundle of rags will sit at your feet: it is an Arab! You tread upon the skeleton of a cat and recoil. Your footsteps echo in the deserted lanes, and probably the beating of your own heart will be all the sound you will hear. All is mute and lifeless around you.

*Apocryphos* of the "bundle of rags" we mentioned before, nothing will surprise the visitor to Morocco more than the extraordinary manner in which the native will curl himself up in a corner or lie down against a wall. In a spot where we should fancy a boy or a bundle would find insufficient and uncomfortable space, an Arab will sit or crouch in perfect happiness. "He spreads himself on a wall like a *bas-relief*, and flattens himself upon the ground like a sheet spread out to dry." And in all these attitudes he appears alternately headless, legless, or trunkless, a ball, a cube, or a nondescript. His adaptability is wonderful.

Let us glance for a moment at the different races occupying the country and their mode of government. There are about eight millions of inhabitants—Europeans, Arabs, Jews, Berbers, Moors, and negroes. The Berbers, who are really a savage tribe, dwell near the Great Atlas, and are quite independent. The Arabs—the conquering people—occupy the plains, while the Moors hold the wealth and commerce of the country in their hands. The negroes are servants, soldiers, or laborers. The Jews, numbering about half a million, are here detested to the full, but manage to make money and to wring a subsistence from the hands that persecute and oppress them. The Europeans are very few, and they are obliged to live under consular protection.

The government is military, and is chiefly exercised in extracting all it can from the miscellaneous population. The tribes are obedient to sheiks, cities or provinces are ruled by *cadis*, then the pasha, and finally the Sultan, have the upper hand. So under such a government, or organized system of oppression, everything that grows up fades, withers and dies, killed by savage fanaticism. Commerce is choked, manufactures are restricted to the old Moorish methods. Agriculture is equally hampered; education is thrust out: there are no books, no maps, no printing presses, and the language itself is as corrupted as the national character. This is what is left of the once proud seat of a glorious monarchy. Ichabod, Ichabod! The glory has indeed departed!

The dress of the people is very picturesque. That of the men is ordinarily a white mantle, but on gala days is more elaborate. The women cover their faces with the end of their long mantles, under which they wear a wide sleeved garment, bound round the waist with a cord. Nothing but the eyes, fingers, and bare feet thrust into slippers are visible. They are a sad, weary race, prized till twenty, then they get old and withered, and are treated like beasts of burden till they die.

It is somewhat curious to remark that lunatics or idiots are considered saints in Morocco. This supposition arises from the accepted idea that Providence has withdrawn reason to keep it in heaven, and generally throughout North Africa this is accepted as a proof of sanctity. These saints are at times mere impostors—men who assume an idiotic manner and action in order to benefit by the holiness that attaches to lunatics. They take strange liberties, however, and to receive a blow from a stick or to have the "saint" spit in your face are privileges which, however greatly prized

by the natives, have not yet found favor in the eyes of Europeans. These prejudices may in time wear off; at present the feeling is rather in opposition both to the actions and to the odor of sanctity in Morocco. Such a welcome as we have referred to is by no means uncommon, and the Christian is regarded as very fortunate if received by a blessed saint who may have spat in his face.

There are many interesting features about Tangiers, had we space to dwell upon them. We may mention a few of the most striking. One certainly might expect conveyance, but in the whole town there is not a cart nor a carriage. No itinerants go round with wares, no street occupation absorbs the pedestrians, no movement to speak of, no bells, no cries, no invitations to purchase. Repose has settled upon all; even the active minded visitor will succumb at last, and sit for hours doing nothing, not knowing what to do. And in this somnolent city you can wander about at will, and will lose yourself, no doubt, in the hopeless mass of little houses and lanes and alleys. Every lane is like every other lane, all the alleys and tiny squares are *fac-similes* of other alleys and squares, and one might very easily disappear never to return. This is all the more curious as the whole place could be built up, with plenty of land surrounding it, in half Kensington Gardens; and in this labyrinth you may, as a Christian, wander unharmed and almost unnoticed. No pickpocket of civilization will molest you, and European women might carry their purses in their outside pockets without fear of loss.

There are various religious ceremonies which will bear description, one of which, the entry of the "Aïssawa," is very popular. The "Aïssawa" is a religious fraternity, and they keep alive the fervor of devotion by various exercises, which break out in dervish fashion into extravagant manifestations, such as dancing, leaping, yelling. These simple exercises soon expand into a sort of madness, and when under the influence of this great excitement they will burn themselves with hot coals and gash themselves with knives, as did the prophets of Baal in their frenzy. Under these circumstances they are quite irresponsible for their actions, and will seize and devour raw meat any . . . in the streets, and finally fall down insensible.

Such are the people—a confraternity of fanatics—who come dancing, struggling, and staggering into Tangiers. Some endeavor to beat their heads against the walls; others are already almost exhausted, and are upheld by their companions; others, again, are pale, rigid spectres, foaming at the mouth, and apparently contracted by fearful spasms. The spectacle is an unpleasant one—a grim procession of madmen, a gruesome masquerade.

The fete of Mahomet is a more varied and much more pleasant sight—the charges of Arab horsemen, the games, the story tellers, the snake charmers, and the lances of the soldiers making a pleasant change. There is no drinking, save a little water, no pairing off of young couples, no betting, nor horse play, which we are so accustomed to see in so called civilized society!

But Tangiers, although interesting and containing a great deal that is novel, is

not Morocco, and we must now pass outside the town, where we shall find many curious features. For instance, all around the city walls is a "girdle of gardens" rich in a sort of vegetation, but too neglected. Aloes, Indian figs, oaks, oleanders, and numerous shrubs grow thickly, and intertwine their branches with the ivy, vine, and cane. Rank and luxuriant grass, quantities of flowers, in places growing two feet high, a small white house, a wheel, a well, by means of which irrigation is carried on at times through trenches, but not a living being is to be seen. All is rank and luxuriant in vegetation, but all is dead and lonely so far as the people are concerned. Here the cultivation ends. Beyond this zone of verdure there are no trees, nor hedges, nor boundaries to be seen. Rolling hills, undulating plains, and verdant valleys stretch away, but scarce any tilling of the ground is attempted. Ploughing is carried on in the most primitive manner; a small, so called plough, guided by *one hand*, while the other wields the whip, carries us at once back hundreds of years, when our Lord's rebuke—"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God"—must have been literally applicable to the implement mentioned. The mode of using this plough is curious. Any animal is pressed into the service: a goat or a mule, or both together; even a donkey and a woman are sometimes yoked, and pull together very well in Morocco. Agriculture is of an extremely primitive order, for were the land in any degree cultivated—as we understand the process—the ground would yield a hundredfold increase to the possessor.

So passing out of the strange and never to be forgotten City of Tangiers, we start for Fez; for the escort has arrived, accompanied by horses, mules, camels, tents, and attendants; and last, but not least, the Sultan's permission to depart. What a curious escort we have to conduct us through the unknown solitudes, and to guard our canvas houses! What a number of animals—no less than fifty horses and seventy mules, besides camels, which last, with their loads of wine and provisions, started three days in advance! At last all is ready; the escort is prepared, the travellers are mounted, and the cavalcade, preceded by the green banner of the prophet, starts away from Tangiers.

Although we cannot pretend to describe an actual journey through Morocco, we may, from authentic sources, notice some of the chief features and incidents which the traveller will be most likely to encounter on the way; so we will beg the reader to imagine himself seated upon a horse and proceeding across the undulating country, green and solitary, wherein the so called road is composed of a series of paths winding in and out, and sometimes descending deeply, and in its roughness resembling a dried up water course. A few palms and aloes may show against the golden sky, but probably no one will be met with until the encampment is sighted, and then, amid noise and bustle, you will dismount among the attendants, many of whom have preceded you, and you will find the tents all ready. And in the pitching of tents, had you been present during that operation, as well as at the breaking up of the encampment

next morning, the European will not fail to notice the wonderful passion for authority that is existent in every Arab. No one who possesses a scintilla of authority will abate it by a fraction, and many will assume an air of command although they possess it not. The servant of the lowest grade will endeavor to tyrannize over a humble spectator, if he can only find a convenient opening.

On the way the native tribute of provisions will probably be paid by order of the Sultan, if your caravan is sufficiently elevated rank. Besides a heavy tax paid in money, the inhabitants must furnish this *mona* or tribute on certain occasions, and very irksome it must be. But there is no redress. Then the escort will, perhaps, amuse the traveller by their wild games and antics, racing hither and thither, discharging their guns, and yelling all the time as if possessed; then later, forming into most striking combinations in their evolutions, the varied and varying colors of the mantles producing an effect which it is impossible to describe.

In crossing Morocco we must not ignore the celebrated tribe of the Beni-Hassan, which is notorious for its thievish and turbulent character. Indeed, theft is the profession of the *duar* or encampment, and it is elevated to a science. Stealing on horseback is practised to perfection: the men act and disappear with such rapidity that is impossible to recognize them; they will also glide through grass, and come in all sorts of disguises; they will incur almost certain death to flich a woul, and go ten miles on the chance of stealing a few shillings. The *duar*, or Arab encampment, is worth describing, as by it we shall better understand life in Morocco; and, indeed, Morocco can scarcely be realized without such a description. The *duar* is composed of a number of families, say fifteen, and all are related to each other; each family occupies a separate tent. These eligible family residences are erected about thirty paces apart, and in appearance are much the same as those used by the Numidians in the time of Jugurtha, viz., a boat keel upward. An aperture is left for ventilation, and fenced by a tiny hedge of reeds. The tent is divided into two portions—the parents occupy one, the children the other part. "A corner we shall probably find a hen and her brood; in front of the tent is an oven, close by a plot of ground for herb growing, and a few pits wherein corn is kept.

The furniture of the tent consists of a few straw mats, a clothes chest, a mirror, a tripod covered with a mantle, under which the family perform their ablutions, two stones for crushing corn, fire arms, a weaver's loom, of a pattern dating from Abraham, and a few other useful articles, such as a distaff, some jars, etc. These are the usual features. A tent is usually given to the schoolmaster, but the instruction imparted is, as a rule, not very tangible. Existence is of the simplest and most peaceful kind. At dawn all the people are up, then prayers are said, the cows are fed, the butter is made, and then after breakfast the men go to work till the evening. The women meantime bring water and gather in the wood, grind the corn, weave the material for dress, twist tent cords, and attend to their numer-

ous domestic duties, including the preparation of *cuscuscu*.

Perhaps our readers do not know what *cuscuscu* is. "It is a mixture of beans and other vegetables peppered," mixed with the juices of meat; sometimes it is sweetened. This is eaten for supper, and after supper all go to bed at sunset. A story may be told for the general entertainment, but, as the rule, the *duar* is soon plunged in sleep and in darkness, except where a lamp may be lighted in some hospitable tent, to guide the weary traveller to shelter and refreshment. Although the clothing of the tribes is seldom washed, the bodies of the weavers are more carefully attended to, for no one can pray without washing, but they are always more or less dirty. The principal event in the lives of the people is a wedding. The bride is fattened for the occasion, perfumed, her nails stained with *henna*, and her eyebrows are corked. She dismounts at the door of her husband's tent, and, seated, looks on at the dances and exercises of the bridegroom's friends. Coins are deposited in a cloth spread on the ground. A supper closes the ceremony. Next day the wife goes around to collect more money, and afterward the "happy pair" go about their usual avocations in the most matter of fact manner. These are some of the features of life in Morocco, and for the rest who can tell? Poverty, squalor, and oppression are patent to all, and when relaxation can no longer be borne, revolt raises its head, and the Sultan quenches the rebellion in blood.

We will now take a glance at Fez and bring our wanderings to a conclusion. The first impression of this city is decay. On all sides houses are crumbling to pieces, and the whole place is full of misery, and steeped in a "melancholy twilight;" long, covered passages like tunnels, blind alleys, dens full of all sorts of abominations. Emerging into wider streets, the crowd is very great. The principal thoroughfares are but six feet wide, and a camel tramping along, or a Moor on horseback, will squeeze the foot passengers against the houses. Hooded spectres perambulating the streets; horrible old women, men scarcely clad, corpses carried along the street, and madmen, or "saints," with an assemblage of wretched boys, bleeding prisoners, "an almost insupportable heat and dust, do not at first recommend Fez to the Christian. Yet an Arabian historian says, "O Fez, all the beauty of the earth is concentrated in thee!"—the seat of wisdom, science, peace and religion. Do you want to make purchases in Fez, you will be in some respects disappointed. Candles? "We will make some; there are none." Matches? "We will have them ready in an hour," and so on. Books are unknown. There were some once, but the owner has died, and his heirs cannot be traced.

Yet the merchants sometimes go to Italy, where they buy silks, damasks, coral, pearls, muslin, and numerous other articles. For these they exchange their stuffs, hides, arms and pottery. The red caps which are known as *fezes* are made here, and are very fine and durable, while the carpets are admirable. The muskets, swords, and daggers are also of beautiful workmanship. Hides are the principal source of gain. The scarlet leather from Fez, the yellow from

Morocco, and the green of Taflet are well known. Jewelry, furniture, and bookshelves are also marvellously worked and ornamented. There is no doubt that were the restrictions removed, the commerce of the country would advance rapidly, and prosperity would be assured. The principal trade is with England, but much is also done with France, Spain, and the interior of Africa, whither immense caravans proceed across the Sahara. Morocco is the gate of Nigritia, and would prove a very useful portal, did not barbarism thrust civilization from the threshold.

We have, in the foregoing sketch, given a slight and necessarily imperfect account of Morocco. Any one desirous to read a more detailed description of this most interesting country, should obtain the volume written by Edmondo de Amicis,\* who accompanied the Italian ambassador to Morocco, from which much of our information has been gleaned. We have traversed this land in imagination, and have not nearly exhausted its beauties or its interest. We could fill pages with details which all would be glad to read, but we must close. With regret we leave the land of Barbary, and

"Folding our tent like the Arabs,  
As silently steal away."

H. FRITH.

#### Items.

There are not 500 negroes in all Germany.

A Kansas coon is made to turn a grindstone.

A banana ripens in Florida during every month in the year.

They use dogs to draw their milk-carts in German towns and cities.

A live lizard was found by a well-digger in New Market, Va., the other day, twenty-five feet below the surface.

In the interior of Africa no negro boy is allowed to eat chicken. A child that had eaten one was himself eaten, as a punishment.

A queer individual at Keokuk, Ia., called on an undertaker, and got measured for a coffin. He said he wanted no measuring tapes about his remains.

A new catacomb has been discovered at Rome, and partially explored. About a dozen chapels have been found, most of which are adorned with paintings.

A girl living in Cambridge City, Ind., is the happy possessor of the greatest piece of foolishness in the world; it is a half-finished bedquilt containing 3,100 pieces.

A learned physician finds that the figure on the crucifix in Burgos Cathedral is a human body in a perfect state of preservation. It is said to have been there since the eleventh century.

In ancient Rome a wash of asses' milk was believed to brighten the beauty of the skin. On this account Poppæa, the wife of Nero, had 500 asses milked daily to give her a cosmetic bath.

There is a bottle of wine over 1800 years old, that will be opened at the coming anniversary of the destruction of Pompeii. It was dug out of the ruins, having been buried about the year 79—

\* "Morocco and its People." Cassell, Petter, Gullib & Co., London.

In a cubic inch of a certain kind of mould, consisting of animalcules, more than forty-one millions of distinct beings were estimated by Ehrenberg to exist; a fact which, when taken in connection with others of the same nature, renders it highly probable that the living beings of the microscopic world surpass in number those which are visible to the naked eye.

The prosecuting witness in one of the cases before the Galveston recorder recently had a lump over his eye as big as an egg-plant, which was caused by Jim Webster throwing a lump of coal at him, without the slightest provocation. "I can't see as there is a single mitigating circumstance," said the recorder. "Why judge, you has overlooked one ob de mitigatin' circumstances in de world. I only hit him wid a lump of soft coal. Don't yer call dat mitigatin'," when I could had fotted him just as easy wid a lump of hard coal?"

Rev. Dr. Ireneus Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*, in a lecture on "Wits of the Pulpit," in that city recently, said that Dr. Strong, of Hartford, was a man of great natural wit, and oftentimes indulged it without thinking of its effect. Leading a ministerial prayer meeting on one occasion, he said, "Brother Colton, of Bolton, will you step this way and pray?" to which Mr. Colton responded, "Brother Strong, you do very wrong to make a rhyme at such a time;" and Dr. Strong again remarked, "I'm sorry to see you are just like me."

"You haven't asked me all the questions. Now don't say you have, for you know you haven't!" said a citizen to a census official. "No," replied the latter, demurely; "I haven't asked you, sir, whether you could read or write, because that would be an insult; I haven't asked you whether you were a negro, because I can see that you are not; I haven't asked you whether you are lame or blind or dead, for the same reason; and I haven't asked you whether you are an idiot, because that is unnecessary."

A clergyman past the middle age, after having united a loving couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, was asked by some one present at the marriage feast, how he, bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant: "In a man's life there are two periods when he is likely to marry—one when he is young and has no sense, the other when he is old and lost his sense." He was glad to inform them that he was past one, and had not yet reached the other.

The church was warm, the minister was dull, and everybody felt asleep except the half-witted man, Jamie Fleming. "My brethren," shouted the indignant pastor, "you should take the example of that fool there. He keeps awake." "Ay, ay, minister," shouted Jamie, "but if I hadn't been a fool I would have been asleep, like the others."

Curiously innocent notions of anatomy are peculiar to children. The following fragment comes from Pan's nursery: Harry to Cissy, who is nursing her doll—"Oh, Cis, I've dot a pain!" Cissy, sympathetically—"Poor dear! Is it where the china joints the sadwust?" Harry, illustrating—"No, Cis; it's where the squeak comes."





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SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR.

Hundreds of letters have been received recently from our correspondents in all parts of the country urging us to begin, as soon as possible, the regular publication of the GAZETTE as a monthly, at a stated subscription price. They tell us we must make the latter sufficient to repay us for our time, labor and expense.

This issue is the first in answer to this demand, and hereafter our friends may have the GAZETTE every month with perfect regularity. Each issue will be very carefully prepared, and altogether new.

There are now nearly one hundred and fifty thousand young people in all parts of this country (and we are now adding to this number four thousand each month) who have purchased and used Gaskell's Compendium. This will be, emphatically, their paper; it will be conducted expressly to serve their varied interests and wants. With a large subscription list, we can afford to put the paper as low as *seventy-five cents a year*, which will be the price.

We shall employ the ablest writers and the best artists, and will make it every way worthy of its large constituency. It will be our constant aim to give our subscribers the handsomest penman's paper in the world, as well as the brightest, the newest, and in all respects the best!

## Gaskell and Gaskell.

Two enterprising Boston firms are advertising "Self-teaching Compendiums." Olmsted & Co. want agents for Gaskell's Compendium, and Tracy & Co. are anxious to supply the people with Gaskell's. It is probably unnecessary for us to say that these "Compendiums" are frauds; that there are no such penmen living (or dead) as Gaskell, or Gaskell. This is no doubt the sharpest swindle recently developed. We hear of many who have sent for these, expecting to receive an entirely different article, the change in the name not being noticed.

## Editorial Notes.

Now that the elections are over, *Puck*, the only really successful humorous paper of the metropolis, has turned its attention to educational matters. Though we may not wholly agree with *Puck*, there are, no doubt, defects in all systems of education. The business colleges are undoubtedly as nearly practical as, and more useful than, almost any other class of schools.

## The New Penholder.

"If I could only hold my pen correctly I could make a good writer; I have tried, and tried, and could never learn!" Not only do many of our boys and girls give expression to this, but thousands of older ones. The matter of penholding seems to be the great difficulty. Teachers have sought in many ways to overcome this. Some have tried tying the fingers, to keep them in a correct position; others, like Eastman, have harnessed the hand, to compel it to comply with the teacher's plan; but none of these methods have been entirely satisfactory.

The latest device is the Orthodactylic Penholder, a very simple contrivance, like an ordinary holder, but with plates for the fingers. It can be used by any one with perfect ease, and is a success. The great barrier to improvement has at last been overcome.

We do not know who should be credited with this invention. The penholder is manufactured in England, and was first introduced here by the Spencers. It is having a remarkably large sale in all parts of the country. No teacher now thinks of conducting a writing class without giving his pupils the opportunity to supply themselves with it; and, by so doing, his work is greatly advanced, and rapid and permanent improvement made. The cost of manufacture cannot be much, if any, more than that of the ordinary cheap holder, and the inventors are too dumb making a fortune from it. But as it is doing its work well, none will be disposed to complain of that. Fifteen or twenty cents is not a very high price to pay for an article that gives a perfect position of the hand and saves months of effort, which, in many cases, without something of the sort, would ultimately end in failure altogether.



"Have you any of the penholders for keeping the fingers in a correct position, for left hand writers?"—JOHN E. NEWARK.

No. All our penholders are made for right hands.

"Which movement do you recommend for business writing, the whole arm, finger, or muscular?"—TEACHER, Oberlin, O.

The muscular or combined movement (the united motion of the forearm, hand and fingers, with the elbow rest) is the best.

"Where can I get a good book for business correspondence?"—HENRY B. DAYTON, O.

Townsend's Letter Writer is a good book; price \$1.50. We will take pleasure in mailing you a copy at that price.

"Is your new book any way similar to Hill's Manual, and what is the price?"—J. T. L., Brooklyn, E. D.

Several of the subjects treated are the same, though there is a wide difference in the manner of treatment. The new book gives a complete course in Penmanship, Bookkeeping, Business Forms and Customs, something respecting Banking and Bank Clearing Houses; and Business and Social Correspondence are fully explained and illustrated. It is the largest work of the kind now

before the public, and, we may add, much the handsomest, for the publishers and printers have done their very best with it. The price is \$5.50. Orders may be addressed to us.

## Good Ink.

Why don't correspondents use good ink? Can it not be had? If they cannot buy it, they can make it with very little trouble. The *American Agriculturist* says:

USE BLACK INK.—Many of the letters that come to us are written with ink so pale that it is often difficult to find out the purport of the writing. Where ink is pale it will generally be found to have been frozen, which quite spoils it. In such cases it is preferable, if good ink is not at hand, to use lead pencil. We would not be understood as encouraging the use of the lead pencil, but in such cases it is the lesser evil.

## Autographs.

Some of the finest autographs yet received have come to us recently, and are now being cut by our engravers. The following named parties send us the best:

Fred B. Chandler, Penman and Card Writer, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
W. H. Gardner, Principal Public School, Hanover, Ill.  
J. D. Malone, Smyrna, Ga.  
George Blake, Black Earth, Wis.  
E. A. Morgan, Valparaiso, Ind.  
O. D. Miller, Bedford, Wis.  
A. W. Morse, Boston underwriters' office, 114 La Salle Street, Chicago.  
G. N. Wilson, Bairdstown, Ga.  
C. E. Rust, Brandon, Vt.  
E. D. Sledge, Athens, Ga.  
R. L. Hovis, Old Furnace, N. C.  
Chas. J. Hunter, Fairfield, Wis.  
Frank Humble, Circleville, Ohio.  
C. B. Ward, Fort Fairfield, Maine.  
W. F. Wingate, 20 West Harrison Street, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Charles B. Clark, Ludlow, Vt.  
Charles H. Hewitt, with Powers & Wrightman, chemists, Ninth and Parish Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.  
C. W. Seaman, Buffalo Cross Roads, Union Co., Pa.  
S. F. Malone, Fairmount, W. Va.  
W. C. Fowler, Painesville, Ohio.  
Charles Gray, Talleysand, Iowa.  
Charles A. Ellis, Bradford, Mass.  
J. H. Gaston, Bellaire, Ohio.  
J. F. Stubbs, Murray, Ky.  
E. B. Stowe, Stockton, Cal.  
Miss Mary H. Thompson, East Point, Ga.

G. E. Hammond, Middlebury, Vt.  
All autographs accepted for publication will hereafter be noticed on this page.

We mail this number of the GAZETTE to several newspapers, in which we have advertised our COMPENDIUM regularly, for several seasons, in the hope that they will notice the paper. Gaskell's Compendium is now used by nearly one hundred and fifty thousand persons, and is by far the most popular system in the world. This army of self-teaching learners has demanded a penman's paper, conducted expressly for them. This demand the PENMAN'S GAZETTE aims to supply. It is the only paper of its kind, but one, published, and has a larger number of subscribers already than many of the old-established weeklies.

## Ladies' Gossip.

Long trains are narrow and pointed. Maltese lace is superseding Chantilly. New York has a cooking-school fever. Double capes are put on a new style of coat.

"Lawn" tennis is driving croquet from the parlor.

Jersey waists of open work silk are now imported.

Evening caps of lace and plush are very fashionable.

The late Madame Thiers was very beautiful in her youth.

Small buttons are preferred for silk and wool basques.

Photograph frames are now made of hand-painted velvet.

New York is organizing itself into private dancing classes.

Dark Pompeian red is the favorite shade for colored candles.

Madame Adam leads the literary world in France just now.

The blue daisy is the favorite flower of the florists just now.

A chenille fringe makes the prettiest collar for a street jacket.

Little satin-lined shoulder capes are worn with horse dresses.

English brides now wear the veil drawn back from the face.

Scarfs of India plaid silk are worn with Jersey skating costumes.

Artificial plants and vines do duty at many parties and weddings.

Girls in a livery are substituted for footmen in some English families.

Labradorite, a rather rare stone, is cut into cats' heads for scarf pins.

Lace is not worn with the velvet collars and cuffs in the dauphin style.

New York does not approve of high tea, but Philadelphia delights in it.

The prettiest hags to wear with dresses are finished with three tassels.

Puffings of white lace form the upper half of sleeves for evening dress.

Strips of colored gaud, bordered by satin, are made up into pretty ties.

Boots buttoned very far back at the sides are the next novelty, it is said.

Narrow gold lace is mixed with Chantilly and white Mechlin to trim ties.

Sultana shoes, laced on the side to show the stocking, are in favor in Paris.

Turkish embroideries on linen are combined with brocade in the new screens.

Heavy black silk is preferred to the satin finished stuffs for half mourning.

New York makes its Christmas cakes in the shape of an obelisk this year.

Small tie screens are used by English women to conceal an unused fireplace.

The Princess of Wales is wearing waves, instead of little curls, on the forehead.

Sugar-plum boxes, looking like rolls of sash ribbon, are rather tantalizing to the girls.

Very few basques are left plain in front. Some are cut into points and some into curves.

Elbow sleeves are now made with a cuff covered with white lace and slightly projecting.

Zibinette is the name of one of the new feather trimmings. It is pretty, but very fragile.

Side draperies are very slightly puffed when worn, and are fastened by a large bow in the back.

## A Hint to Letter Writers.

It is a letter writing age, as we can plainly see by reading the statistics of our wonderful postal service for any current year. To appreciate this in its magnitude, one needs but to walk through the magnificent palace built for the New York post office, and see the tons of mail matter received and sent out with such clock work regularity.

To write a good letter is an excellent accomplishment, but one needs caution even when he knows how, that nothing shall be sent off which will afterward cause a sigh of regret. Young people, in particular, should be wary in regard to what they say on paper of a strictly personal nature, for there it stands over their signature for a lifetime, maybe, and no chance of calling it back when once it has left your hand. The time may come when you would gladly pay money to get back a letter in which you made some sharp criticism or related some unpleasant story with regard to another. Such things have a most uncomfortable way of coming around to just the wrong person, and being read

by one who will make mischief out of it. There is a class in every community who just dole on mischief. You know the one in your town, and I know several here. But I don't prize their society. They are very persuasive. They will coax your friend out of that letter "just for a minute," and thus the seed is sown, and the harvest will be as sure as that of the Canada thistle. Be quite cautious when you write to the disengagement of any one.

And angry letters, too, are always bad. They never made any one better, but have often stirred up a whole society, setting every one "by the ears." Somebody has given this advice to an angry person who has just decided to "sit down and give that person a piece of his mind." Write the letter, put in every ugly, spiteful thing you can think of. Free your mind, make it as strong as you please. Then read it over, to get the full force of it, and just drop it into the fire to save your postage. It will be one of the wisest savings of your life. But, as you value your piece of mind, never send it. It will very likely pass from hand to hand as a specimen of you, and will always be read to your great discredit.

Write always as pleasantly as you can of matters that will interest your correspondent, and make your letters a real joy whenever they come into a household.

Such letter writers are not too many in the world, and they are much sought after. It is practice of the right kind that makes one truly accomplished.

OLIVE GRAY.

MR. DENNIS' SPECIMEN on this page is one of the finest we have ever received.

## Successful—or Not.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

It was said in these columns last month that, to the vast majority of men and women who have passed middle age, their lives seem to be comparative failures. They feel that they have not done the thing they meant to do; they have not reached the heights they meant to scale. Yet, is not this feeling, or conviction, in very many cases due to the fact that the successes of their lives, whatever they may be, have come to them so slowly, by such almost imperceptible degrees, that they have hardly been conscious of their approach?

Wealth, for instance, save in most exceptional cases, comes to no man in a day, or a week, or a year. As a rule, it comes, if it comes at all, little by little, as the result of patient, persistent labor, and slow accumulation. Remember, we are speaking now of the great mass of men who are engaged in business, or industrial pursuits; not of a few whose Midas-like touch, with subtle alchemy, turns everything to gold.

your Tom—brave, manly, earnest fellow that he is, God bless him!—would be able and willing to drop down to your old scale of expenditure, and to take up the burden of life just as you did, if he saw the necessity for it; in other words, if the whole system of family living to which he has been accustomed were, for some good reason, to drop in the same ratio.

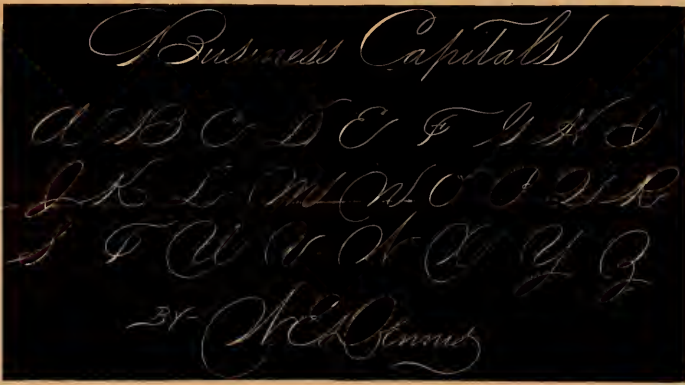
But to go back. Tom is in college, and Bess must have a piano; and pretty Nell—dainty blossom that she is, the very apple of her father's eye—has delicate fancies and lovely tastes that are only too glad to indulge; and the younger children have needs innumerable! And there is the sweet mother of them all—shall she not have the fresh, bright surroundings, the exquisite china, the pictures and jewels, in which she takes delight? And shall you not have your fine horses, and your Alderney cows, your books, your newspapers, your well appointed table, and your choice cigars? Then there is the church debt, and the subscription to the library fund, and the daily charities, and the life insurance. There is the trip to

upon your ledger, and added up, column by column, before you should dare to say what is the fortune the years have brought to you.

But if wealth comes so slowly that a man's desires and ambitions are always in advance of it, it is generally true that political honors and literary reputation comes still more slowly. But ah! how fast they are outgrown, or grown away from! When a man is twenty-five he thinks it a brave feather in his cap to be elected petit juror, lister, or town clerk. To be selectman, first selectman, what magnificence is that! By and by these things begin to look small to him. He would be town representative, or even State senator. How long do these bubbles remain large enough to fill the round of his desires? He would go to Congress; he would be chairman of the committee of ways and means; he would be speaker of the House. Content, now? There is the Senate yet to conquer; and beyond that the cabinet—even the presidency! The river grows as it goes. It swells and broadens and deepens. But when it is a mighty current, sweeping on, silent and restless, to

the sea, bearing upon its broad bosom the fleets and commerce of many nations and many climes, it may well be questioned whether it feels any grander, has any keener sense of its own importance, or is any better satisfied with itself, or with the work it is doing, than when it was a noisy, babbling brook, playing with the reeds and the rushes.

The man who reaches the summit of political or literary preferment does not do it at a bound. If he did, he might well stand on the far, clear heights, with an exultant thrill at his heart and a shout of triumph on



The above specimen of Off-Hand Penmanship was done by W. E. DENNIS, now Teacher of Penmanship in Wright's Business College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meanwhile, as means accumulate, so do wants. Alas! they accumulate faster to most of us. The man has married, probably; and there are little mouths to be filled, little bodies to be clothed, little minds to be fed, little souls to be nurtured. The small house is outgrown; the small ways seem mean and insignificant. And so the years go on. The children grow larger and their importunate needs grow with them. Tom is in college, and you—pardon the change in the pronoun! our talk seems to be growing personal—you want him to be as well dressed, as well cared for as his comrades. You fear that it would hurt him, would dwarf him, perhaps, to lead a pinched, scrimped life, as compared with others about him. You were pinched when you were a boy, very likely—and you do not know that it hurt you. But Tom—it is different with Tom, somehow!

Yes; no doubt it is—for he has been differently brought up. Your father on a small farm, or in the workshop, or in the country store, or out of a scanty salary, did for you the best he could; made as many sacrifices for you—more, perhaps, than you make for Tom. And

Europe, perhaps, and the summer vacation by the sea or at the mountains.

No wonder that the surplus does not grow very rapidly, that the yearly additions to the growing fortune are not large. Neither are the rings large upon the growing tree, yet slowly and surely, if no untoward fate uproots it before its time, it reaches a goodly size at last, and the birds of the air build nests upon its branches.

But, my friend, in balancing your accounts, in reckoning up what the successes of your life have been, even money making, ought you not to take into account what you have spent, as well as what you have accumulated? You cannot eat your cake and keep it too; and if it does you, and those you love, more good to eat it than to keep it, do not fret that you were unable to do both. All the delights of the beautiful home you have built up, all that you and yours have enjoyed within its walls, all the advantages you have been able to give to your children, all that you have given to noble charities, all the growth, the uplifting, the expansion, that has been the result of money earned and wisely spent—all these must be entered

his tongue, rejoicing in his strength. But he does not soar up. He has no tireless wings to bear him on his way. He climbs up inch by inch, step by step, fastening his feet to the rugged rocks, hanging suspended over sheer precipices, clinging to overhanging branches, to tufts of moss, to the reeds shaken by the wind. He is beaten upon by the storms, hindered by the tempests, blinded by the lightning. Well is it for him if, when he reaches the top, he is not so worn and wearied, so battered and bruised, as to lie spent and breathless, longing for the peaceful calm.

Yet, if he has not lost himself—his manhood, his nobleness of thought and life, his honor and his truth—in the hard struggle, shall he not rejoice that he has won what men call success? It is good to walk on mountains, even though they be rough.

"God's crosses stand on hills," she said;

(There came a glory on her face.)

"God's dead in secret graves are laid;

God's princes rule from secret places."

A great deal of time is contracted in opportunity—which is the flower of time.



## Be True.

Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach.  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed.  
Love truly, and thy life shall live  
As a green and noble weed.—BOWEN.

## One Hundred Pounds Reward.

I had been six years a surgeon in the navy, and for the last two of those six years I had been cruising on that dreadful Gold Coast. Perhaps I was not the best tempered man in the service, but I thought I was badly treated. The admiralty and I had a slight disagreement, and the end was that I threw up my commission in disgust. My health was much broken, and, while I was recruiting my strength in a little Devon village, I did the one thing which I have never regretted—fell in love with a good girl and married her. I had a certain amount of money, which I invested in a country practice; and for some time all went well with us. But we were not to escape our share of trouble. My health, which had suffered more seriously than I imagined during my period of service, broke down; my practice went to the dogs; we got deeply into debt; and, to make a long story short, three years after our marriage, one miserable Sunday in November found my wife and myself, with our two little children, occupying a single poor room in Grenville Street, off Guildford Street. We had then been in London about six months, and I had been unable—chiefly on account of my precarious health—to get anything to do.

About a month, however, before the day I speak of, my only friend in London had held out a hope of obtaining for me the post of private physician to a wealthy relation. But my friend had been compelled suddenly to go abroad, and though he was daily expected back, yet three weeks had now passed, and I had gone to his house in Kensington day after day without getting any tidings of him. Meanwhile our little stock of money was quite exhausted; everything that could be spared was sold or pawned; and on this Sunday evening, with a month's rent due next day, my wife and I sat before a miserable apology for a fire, with absolute want staring us in the face. We had not quite a shilling left, and when I looked at my sleeping children and thought of the future, I fairly broke down in utter despair. It was then I found what a treasure I had in the noble woman by my side. Affecting a cheerfulness which she could not feel, she imparted to me a portion of her own courage, and at length induced me—*anxious to please her and glad to do anything rather than sit powerless—as to go once more to my friend's house.*

It was ten o'clock, on a cold, drizzling night, when I set out on my walk. I somehow felt a kind of fictitious hopefulness, and walked briskly, resolutely shutting out the thought of failure. I stood some time at my friend's door before I dared to ring the bell that would change my hopes or my fears into certainty; and when at last the servant who answered my ring told me that her

master had not yet returned, I fairly staggered into a chair in the hall, overcome with disappointment. The woman, seeing my condition, brought me a little brandy, which revived me somewhat; but it was some time before I felt able to move, and it struck midnight as I left the door for my long and cheerless walk. The rain fell in a steady drizzle, but though I was lightly clad I never heeded it; my thoughts were fixed on my poor wife sitting alone and watching for me, and on the wretched news I was bringing. I walked on, heedless of the bitter cold and of the constant rain, feeling the numbness of misery in my heart.

How it happened I do not know, but somehow I lost my way, and after wandering aimlessly for some time, I found that I was in a street I did not know—the Gray's Inn Road, as I afterwards learned. I could see no one to direct me, and was walking on rather anxiously when I stumbled over the form of a man, who was lying half in and half out of the covered entrance of a wretched court. For a few yards I walked, too much absorbed in my own troubles to think of anything else; but then, thank God! I thought of the unfortunate man lying in the rain, and as a doctor, felt, more strongly perhaps than I otherwise should, that it was my duty to go back and assist him if possible. There was a gas lamp in the entrance to the court, and by it I was enabled to see that the prostrate figure was that of a singularly tall and powerfully built man; and on a closer inspection I was surprised to find that his dress was that of a gentleman. At once I thought he had been robbed and perhaps murdered; but, taking his hand to feel his pulse, I saw that he had a remarkably handsome diamond ring on his finger; and the beating of his pulse, though very faint, showed me that he was not dead.

Then I thought, with something of contempt, that I had a case of mere drunkenness to deal with; but yet on careful examination I could detect no fume of spirits, and the faint action of his heart at length convinced me that the man was in a state of complete exhaustion, probably from want of food.

With considerable labor, in my weak condition, I managed—half lifting, half dragging him—to convey him into the covered passage, and determined to stay with him until some passer-by would assist me. I had not waited long when a half tipsy woman, walking past, looked into the passage and came over to see what was the matter. She looked kindly at me and at my unconscious patient, and I noticed her eye gleam as she caught sight of a massive gold chain on his vest.

I asked her to go at once and fetch assistance, but she immediately replied that I need not trouble myself any further—“I know him well: he's Rooney that owns the public house close by; I'll get him home all right.”

At first her assurance almost imposed upon me, but when I looked at the pale, aristocratic face that I supported on my knee, I felt convinced that she had invented the story with a view to plundering the helpless man. I told her sternly that if she did not go for a policeman I would so myself. She went off hurriedly—as I thought, for that purpose—but came back no more; and now I

was once more alone with my strange patient, and as the minutes went by I knew not what to do.

Help, however, was near. I noticed a poor girl—she did not look more than sixteen—walking slowly on the other side of the street; I called to her, and after a moment's hesitation she came over. I briefly explained to her the circumstances, and asked her, if she possibly could, to get me a drop of cordial, or the man would die.

“I have only got fourpence,” she said, in a kindly Irish voice, “and I was going to pay for my bed with that at the kitchen in Fulwood's Rents; but, sure, I'll get something from the chemist instead, and I'll trust to God for a night's lodging—I've slept out before now.” And away she went—surely not the worst of good Samaritans.

Very soon she returned with the medicine, and I sent her again to fetch a policeman. I forced a little between the man's teeth, and presently he came to and opened his eyes. I asked him how he came there: he said, “Tired and starving.” And then I asked him where he came from, and he suddenly brightened up, and looking keenly at me for a moment, said, “Edinburgh,” but from the way he said it, I felt convinced he was deceiving me, and shortly after asked the same question again, and he, with the same look, said, “Glasgow.”

In his weak state, however, I forbore questioning him further, and a policeman presently coming up, we got him into a cab and took him to the hospital, where I waited until he was put to bed. Before I left, I asked the house surgeon to give a shilling to the poor girl—Mary Kennedy was her name. He readily did so, and she went off to sleep in “Old Walter's” lodging house in Fulwood's Rents.

When at last I got home, I found my wife waiting anxiously for me. However, when I told my story she forgave the delay, and in talking over the strange circumstances of the night we forgot for the time our own troubles. My wife insisted that something good would come out of the matter, and at eight o'clock next morning she roused me and made me set off for the hospital. As I was on my way there, my eye was caught by an advertisement on a hoarding:

## “ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

“A gentleman of sound mind has escaped from the M— Private Asylum. The above reward will be paid to any person finding him and restoring him to his friends.”

Then followed a description which exactly tallied with the appearance of my patient. Everything was now clear to me, and I fairly ran to the hospital.

Here, however, my hopes were damped, for I found that Policeman Z had gone there before me and told a story very different from the true one which I have narrated, and had actually gone the length of warning the authorities against me. The solicitor whose address was given in the advertisement had been sent for, and the worthy constable had evidently determined to brazen it out and secure the £100. I saw the house surgeon, and told him the whole story. He thought for a few moments, and then said, “We must get that girl at once.”

I went myself immediately to the wretched den where she had stopped, and brought her back with me. A very

short examination before the solicitor settled Policeman Z's case; and an hour afterward I was able to go back to my wife with more money in my pocket than I had had for many a long day.

But that was not the best of it. I visited my patient—who was no other than the wealthy baronet, Sir Charles Frampton—every day. He seemed to take a strong liking for me, and when he was well enough to be moved, his friends proposed that I should take him under my care. He was perfectly harmless, and after residing abroad with us for a couple of years, he so far recovered that he was enabled to dispense with my services, and to manage his own affairs. He showed his gratitude, however, in most princely fashion: settled an annuity on poor Mary Kennedy (she had previously been liberally rewarded by his friends), and bought me the practice which I still hold. From that day everything has prospered with me, and I am now rich enough to leave the work to my eldest son, and amuse myself in writing some of the curious incidents of my life, not the least strange of which is the providential occurrence in the Gray's Inn Road.

A. M.

## Rules of Conduct.

- Never exaggerate.
- Never point at another.
- Never betray a confidence.
- Never wantonly frighten others.
- Never leave home with unkind words.
- Never neglect to call upon your friends.
- Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
- Never give a promise that you do not fulfil.
- Never send a present hoping for one in return.
- Never speak much of your own performances.
- Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
- Never pick your teeth or clean your nails in company.
- Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
- Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
- Never question a servant or child about family matters.
- Never present a gift saying that it is of no use to yourself.
- Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.
- Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.
- Never associate with bad company.
- Have good company or none.
- Never call attention to the features or form of anyone present.
- Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.
- Never refer to a gift you have made or favor you have rendered.
- Never appear to notice a scar or deformity of any one present.
- Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him.
- Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.
- Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.
- Never, when traveling abroad, be overboastful in praise of your own country.



### "Selections for Autograph and Writing Albums."

We give below a few extracts from Mr. Lilley's new book of this name, as showing what a handy little volume it is for young people who have occasion to do that kind of writing.

#### FOR A DEDICATION.

I wish that no flattery may ever deprecate this album; that no falsehood may darken its whiteness; but that the spirit of truth, light and love may brighten its fair pages.

I wish that the whose name it bears may never know the treachery of friendship, the blight of unreciprocated affection; but with what measure of love she writes, it shall be measured to her again. I wish that these leaves, as spotless as her own true heart, may receive only the impress of kindness and benevolence, and that buds of promise may cluster here that shall burst in blossoms of beauty. I wish that in after years, when the fingers that traced these lines shall be motionless, and memory and adhesion, hand in hand, shall look back to the things that were, these offerings may be a medium by which her faith may climb to the eternal sphere where reunion shall be and endure forever.

My album's open! Come and see!  
What! won't you waste a line on me?  
Write but a thought—a word or two,  
That memory may revisit you.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the present much is bright—  
In the coming years I see  
A brilliant and cheering light  
For thee burning constantly.

When you are sitting alone,  
Reflecting on the past,  
Remember you have a friend  
Whose love will always last.

I wish thee fresh,  
I wish thee wealth,  
I wish thee gold in store—  
I wish thee heaven after death—  
What can I wish thee more!

May thy stream of life glide smoothly,  
And may thy eves happy be.  
When thou dost think of those that love thee,  
Then, dear friend, have a thought of me.

Where's it go, what's my lovely state,  
Yet grateful memory shall linger here;  
And when, perhaps, you'll miss me o'er my fate,  
You still may greet me with a truer tear.

'Tis sweet to be remembered in the turmoil of this life,  
When struggling up its pathway or mingling in its strife.  
When wandering o'er Earth's border or sailing o'er its sea,  
'Tis sweet to be remembered— wherever we may be.

There wins no name to glory, but, soon or late,  
She finds one honest gardener for a mate.—Pore.

Will one wandering thought of thine  
Rest in its rapid flight on me,  
Nor to forgetfulness consign?  
The friend who still will think of thee?  
Yea! sure thy memory oft will fly  
To scenes that once were dear to thee,  
And when these lines shall meet thine eyes,  
Thou, smiling, mayst remember me.

May friendship open unto you  
The path of peace and holy love;  
May life continual joys receive,  
And hope not too deceptive prove;  
May sweet contentment crown your brow  
Such bliss as may be found below.

In after years, when thou, perchance,  
As thoughts of "Auld Lang Syne" arise,  
"Mist other scenes shall e'en a glance  
Among these pages; should thine eyes  
Rest on this tribute, think of me—  
Think kindly, as I shall of thee.

Do not this effort criticise,  
Nor view it with contempt,  
I was compelled by benevolent eyes  
To make the rash attempt.

A place for your album 'till shall it be?  
Now just let me think and I'll give it thee:  
Shall it be nonsense or shall it be wit,  
Or rhyme sentimental, thy choice be it?  
Without waiting your answer, a wish I will give,  
That you'll think of me where'er you may live.

### Art and Dress.

Scarcely of less import than sex and age are the height, size, and general proportions of the figure. Tall and stumpy people cannot, with impunity, be dressed in one pattern. The stately lady, sweeping through marble halls, can gracefully carry queenly robes that would crush the pretty little lady dwelling in a cottage. The present inclination is to treat dress as drapery, and to consider the one as simply utilitarian, and the other, as if of necessity, supremely artistic. The points of the figure are used as pegs whereon to hang out decorative fabrics, and possibly Sartor Resartus might stigmatize our living ladies as lay figures, and our intelligent men as stalking clothes-horses. Some dresses are for sitting or standing only, some for walking, while others reduce the free action of the figure to physical endurance.

A lady, making a morning call, was asked to take a seat, but she begged to be excused, because, having on "a walking costume," she could not sit down. Yet nature, in building up the human framework, had a more extended scheme, which fashion would do well not so relentlessly to thwart. As to the length of a dress, that will depend on whether the feet are of a beauty deemed to be worth displaying; if inviting to catch a glimpse of, they will probably be permitted, "like little mice, to peep in and out;" hence some ladies "wear gowns always short, when other people's are long, and go about holding them up above the highest water mark in fine weather."

The shoulders, which call for at least as much anxious care as the feet, admit of various decorations, as with scarf, shawl, mantilla, veil, robe, toga. "A black scarf carries an air of respect, which is in itself protection. A woman thus attired glides on her way like a small, close-reeced vessel, light and trim, seeking no encounter, but prepared for one. Much, however, depends on the wearer; indeed, no article of dress is such a revealer of the character. Some women will drag it tight up to their shoulders, and stick out their elbows in defiance beneath. Such are of the independent class, with strong opinions; others let it hang loose and listless like an idle sail, losing all the beauty of the outline—both moral and physical. Such ladies have usually no opinions at all, but none the less a very obstinate will of their own."

A real lady bids by intuition the happy man; she does not "put on a turban to drink tea with two people, or an innocent white frock for a party of two hundred;" she does not appear as a milliner popped out of a hand-box, or as an artist just stepped from a picture, or as an antiquary kept usually as a curiosity under a glass case. She moves at respectful distance from the extremes of fashion, and though society does not know what she has on, she is not in danger of being mistaken for either Aspasia or Queen Anne. What she wears, though perchance homely, is always good; not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her; "she deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast or composes you with a judicious harmony." And the secret of her success simply consists in her "knowing the three grand units

of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not."—*Good Words*.

### Foreign Items.

Great political agitation reigns in Crete.

The Turkish navy is in a much better condition than its army.

The English army estimates for the coming year exceed £20,000,000.

Several more members of the land league have been arrested in Ireland.

It is announced that woman suffrage has been established in the Isle of Man.

The Irish land league and the British government are now brought face to face in the law courts.

In China, Japan, Malacca, and generally on the coast of Africa, silver is the currency universally employed.

The ships Cape Sable and Wild Rose both foundered at sea with their crews, consisting of eighty-five men, all lost.

Chinese trade with the United States is increasing rapidly in the line of cotton piece goods and many other articles.

British regiments are being ordered to Africa, and transported as fast as steamships can be supplied for that purpose.

The new German census is expected to reach the aggregate of 45,000,000, or 6,000,000 less than that of the United States.

A missionary writes, that he knows of no place where vice is so open and unblushing in character as it is in Hong-Kong.

The British government has entered into contract with the Gower-Bell Company for a million dollars' worth of telephones.

The ship Indian Chief was wrecked near the entrance to the Thames River, England, recently, and eighteen persons were drowned.

Two agents of landlords are reported to have been murdered in the western counties of Ireland, where the local police force is to be increased.

Hindoo girls, to the number of 3,000, in connection with the American board's mission in southern India and Ceylon, are receiving a Christian education.

The artillery stationed at Dublin, Ireland, are prohibited from marching into the adjacent country for exercise, without a suitable escort of cavalry or infantry.

The Greeks have called out the reserves and national guards, and now have an effective army of over 80,000 men, but Turkey beats them all hollow numerically.

Mr. Parnell and other agitators purpose to remain in London as long as Parliament sits, and declare openly that they defy arrest. They say coercion will be stoutly resisted.

A clockmaker at Birmingham has informed the Russian embassy at London of an alleged Nihilist plot to construct infernal machines in England for use in Russia.

The Boers are crowding the English in South Africa, and the troops at the command of British officers are entirely too small in number to enable them to hold their position.

Previous to the issue of the war office circular, directing a strict guard about the armories of volunteers, over a hundred rifles were stolen from one place in the vicinity of London.

The Portuguese government has determined upon founding agricultural colonies of Europeans in Angola, and the customs duties levied upon wine and spirits are to be set aside for that purpose.

Many Jersey cattle are being purchased for exportation to the United States, according to a cable dispatch from St. Helier, which is the capital of the Island of Jersey. High prices are being realized.

A new socialistic secret organization, extending all over Germany, has just been discovered, and bids fair to give the government considerable trouble. Nihilism, which is the same thing, is not confined to Russia.

Reports from Ireland say, that notwithstanding the troops are kept very close in barracks, slight quarrels between them and the local population are hourly occurring. Were the city under martial law, it would present no more of a military aspect. The troubles in the western counties are rather increasing than subsiding, and all seems gloomy and threatening.

In country districts where the crops have failed in Russia, the state will advance seed and execute public works. In the southeastern provinces two railways will be constructed. The State has reserved to itself the exclusive right to construct railways, and has decided to suppress all concessions of land coming under the head of imperial favors.

The island of Cyprus has been flooded.

In Cuba there is a little insect, the nigua, which enters the human skin, and, building a nest underneath, deposits its eggs. It is so small as to require a microscope to detect it. They cause intense itching, and, of course, poison the flesh where they enter.

A man in McDonald County, Missouri, is said to possess a "natural kaleidoscope." It is a dark green stone, nearly transparent, about the size of a turkey's egg, and nearly that shape and somewhat rough. By holding it to the light and looking through it, magnificent views of scenery can be obtained—Indians chasing buffalo, moving caravans of camels, fields of waving grass, mountain scenery, cities and villages, vast stretches of prairie, etc. It was found in Buffalo Creek, near the home of its owner.

"Mr. O'Rafferty," said the recorder, "why did you strike Mr. Murphy?" "Because Murphy would not give me a civil answer to a civil question, yer honor." "What was the civil question you asked him?" "Asked him, as polite as you please, 'Murphy, ain't your own brother the biggest thug on Galveston Island, excepting yourself and your uncle, who is absent at the penitentiary in Huntsville?'" "And what trade answer did he give to such a very civil question?" "He said to me, 'Ave course, pristin company excepted.'" So I said, "Murphy, you are another," and struck him wid me fist."

It is reported that James Keene, the millionaire, is to present the City of New York with a statue of Nathan Hale, to be erected on the spot where the hero was hanged.



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I. W. Pierson is now teaching in the Columbus (Ohio) Business College.

C. B. Ward has been teaching this winter at St. John, New Brunswick.

F. E. Lindsey is now keeping books for a firm in Cleveland, Ohio.

We shall be glad to hear from Riley T. Scott. We miss his handsome writing.

J. C. Brower is doing a good business in ornamental penmanship at Rochester, N. Y.

E. B. Stone is teaching penmanship with much success at Stockton, Cal. He is one of the best writers in that State.

L. Madaraz, of San Antonio, Texas, has recently had a card writing stand at the Grand Central Hotel, New York. He is now in Jersey City.

F. B. Chandler, of Salt Lake City, sends us several very fine specimens of fashionable card writing—quite as well done as those of the East.

L. S. Thompson, formerly editor of the *Teacher of Penmanship*, is now professor of industrial art at Perdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

F. B. Davis, until recently a teacher of penmanship at Cady & Walworth's Business College, Union Square, New York City, is now open for an engagement elsewhere.

Gallia Academy, Gallipolis, Ohio, under the management of Prof. Henry Collins, is, we understand, having increased patronage. We would call Mr. Collins' attention to the autographs of his now being used in Tracy & Co.'s advertisements.

#### Personals.

Tennyson desires to visit America. Madame Thiers leaves an immense fortune.

The Princess of Wales has just passed her thirty-sixth birthday.

The Czar of Russia has quite a mania as an autograph collector.

Cadet Whitaker is still under consideration. His case was lately fully discussed at a cabinet meeting.

William H. Vanderbilt, on Christmas Day, made each daughter a present of 1000 shares of Lake Shore stock.

A Mrs. Hatton is at the head of the Tennessee State Library. She and her daughter keep its 20,000 volumes in excellent order.

The Rev. H. H. Hayden, the alleged murderer of Mary Stannard, is now working for the Folding Chair Company in New Haven.

Gen. McClellan has declined the presidency of the New York Underground Railroad Company, and will go abroad with his family in April.

The ex-Confederate General Loring, who served in the Egyptian army after the Rebellion, is a candidate for United States senator from Florida.

The King of Italy is about to visit Paris and London incognito as the Count of Pavia. He will be the guest of the Prince of Wales while in London.

Ex-Queen Isabella is said to be very generous to the poor in Paris. But where does the money come from? That's the question which puzzles the gossips.

The Empress of Austria has given up her proposed winter visit to Ireland. She could withstand the cold weather there, but not civil war. No sport in that.

Gen. Ord is going to engage in business in Mexico, where his son-in-law, Gen. Trevino, is now secretary of war. The general's pay, as a retired officer, is about \$4,000.

The King of Spain made a very good speech at the opening of the Cortes the other day, promising lots of nice things, but all know what Spanish promises amount to.

Christine Nilsson has been dining with Ex-Empress Isabella at Paris. She sang a Swedish melody for the hostess on the occasion, which was probably what she was invited for. The ex-Empress is as fat as ever.

#### Wise Sayings.

Beauty, God's handwriting.—*Hesba Ballou.*

Fame, the perfume of heroic deeds.—*Socrates.*

Felicity that causes pain gives double delight.—*Grihan.*

If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth two.—*Hibreeh Proverb.*

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rawland Hill.*

There never was yet a great man unless through divine inspiration.—*Cicero.*

Opportunity is rare, and wise men will never let it go by heedlessly.—*Bayard Taylor.*

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience, is the hate of those who envy us.—*Colton.*

Never get a reputation for a small perfection if you are trying for fame in a loftier area.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Women are indebted to us for most of their faults; we are indebted to them for most of our merits.—*Lemelle.*

He that deceives his neighbor with lies is unjust to him, and cheats him out of the truth, to which he has a natural right.—*M. Aurd.*

Sense can support himself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteen pence a day; but fantasy, planets and solar systems will not suffer.—*Carlyle.*

We are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantasticalness, or something worse, not to do so.—*Loche.*

The man who farms his brains to their full extent year after year, and does not believe in occasional fallowing, will find at last that brains, like land, will run out.—*Greville.*

Religion in a magistrate strengthens his authority, because it purchases veneration, and gains reputation to it. In all the affairs of the world, so much reputation is in reality so much power.—*Tillotson.*

The bird of wisdom flies low and seeks her food under the hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground.—*W. S. Lander.*

Beauty has little to do with engaging the love of women. The air, manner, tone, the conversation, the something that interests, the something to be proud of, these are the attributes of the man made to be loved.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Of all the ingenious mistakes into which erring man has fallen, perhaps none have been so pernicious in their consequences, or have brought so many evils into the world, as the popular opinion that the way of the transgressor is pleasant and easy.—*Hesba Ballou.*



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It supplies a much needed want, and will benefit all who consult its pages.

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Contains very much valuable information.

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It meets a very aggressive sort of demand. The amount of valuable information it contains is simply bewildering.

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I have examined it carefully, and with great interest to myself I found it well prepared in all its parts.

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VOL. III.—No. 2.

## Before the Daybreak.

Thence the daybreak shines a star  
That in the day's great glory fades;  
Too fiercely bright is the full light  
That her pale gleaming lamp upholds.

Before the daybreak sings a bird  
That stills her song ere morning light:  
Too loud for her is the day's stir,  
The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor it, to show  
A light wherein no traveller errs;  
And rich the price, to rank divine  
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,  
And I would be that lonelier bird;  
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,  
And sing of love, when love's unheard.

## Advertising.

Some advertising is generally necessary, even to organize a good sized writing school. P. R. Spencer, when he taught in Ohio, used to write up in his own hand a dozen or so of bills announcing that he would open a writing school at the school house at Jefferson, Harpersfield, or Kingsville, on such an evening, to continue for twelve evenings; terms, \$2. These, in the old gentleman's matchless style, written with an old fashioned quill pen, and posted about the place, were quite sufficient to fill the school house for the entire session.

Now, the writing teacher advertises very much like anyone else, and uses as much skill in setting forth the advantages he is prepared to offer.

The best way to do this is:

*First.* To have a circular left at every house in the village and neighborhood in which you purport teaching.

*Second.* To call upon the editor of the leading newspaper, insert a short advertisement of the school, and ask him if he will kindly call attention to it editorially. By examining one of your circulars he will see that you are well spoken of by those in other places where you have taught, and a person of good character.

*Third.* The poster, brief and to the point, may be put up in a few of the most public places. But few, however, consider a poster necessary; though it may be made very effective if it be odd and attractive.

*Fourth.* Some teachers visit each family in the neighborhood, and "talk up" a school. They exhibit specimens showing the improvement of their scholars in different places, and of their own skill in writing; but they do not circulate any subscription paper, or ask tuitions in advance. This gives confidence in them. People say, "Well, we'll try the school,

anyhow!" Everything appears fair and honorable.

The school being organized, the teacher now proceeds with it according to some regular system; in most cases he follows with greater or less exactness the mode laid down by some one of the various authors who have devoted time and care to this subject. The latest works on this topic are greatly in advance of the old. It is remarkable to what a degree of perfection the writing school, as an "institution," has been brought by some of our best teachers; and so well is it appreciated that it is now looked forward to in some parts of the country with the most pleasant expectations, by both young and old. If there were more of them conducted by men of more culture and experience, the country would gain still more from them, both in instruction and real satisfaction.

## Handsome Engraving.

During the past seven years we have tried several leading engravers, and dis-

## Teaching Writing Schools.

SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.

Every winter the travelling writing master makes his appearance; sometimes he comes singly, sometimes in force. Frequently competition among these knights of the quill is lively, and the results of their teaching remarkable in the extreme—the very poorest writers being transformed into the most superb penmen (in imagination) in twelve easy lessons. But in every case, where the teacher is a good man he is gladly welcomed; a school is readily formed, and made profitable both to the learner and to the master.

There are some hints to teachers which may be given here that will no doubt be of value to many; they are condensed from our new book.

Before starting out to teach writing, the teacher should get together all the recommendations he can from persons who know him and can certify to his character and qualifications. He should

school to those of whom he gets the room and who are responsible to the public for it.

## The Author of "The Penman's Convention."

Some of our penmen suggest the idea that Mark Twain's account of the gathering together of the great literary luminaries was borrowed bodily from the "Penman's Convention," published in the *Home Guest*, and at first credited to the eminent humorist himself. Mark has honors enough showered upon him—he didn't write it. The man that did it with his little pen was Charles T. Cragin, of New Hampshire, in whose active brain these interesting characters originated. Himman, the wandering penman, with his earnest gaze and eloquent pleadings for the right; Knauss and Stewart, whose chirographic monstrosities created loud and prolonged applause; the "spencers" little and big, all taking part in this grand convention,

were each, in turn, presented to the reader in a manner true to life.

It is a lucky thing to have a great humorist among us. Let us treat him kindly, that he may live long in the land.

## Beware of the French Heel!

One of the most senseless and vicious fashions now popular is the "French heel." It is neither beautiful nor useful, and positively

injurious to health. It is the unanimous expression of the wisest medical men that it has caused serious and complicated diseases. The weight of the body presses directly upon nerves that are but little protected, and the whole system suffers. A lady, a short time since, called upon an eminent oculist of a neighboring city, for a nervous trouble afflicting her eyes. After a careful examination, the physician told the lady it was caused by her French heels, and he would make no attempt at cure until she changed the character of her shoes. He informed the lady that she would stand a good chance for total blindness unless she obeyed. She left, remarking she "would think about it."

[From the Toledo Blade, March 3.]

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM.—There is nothing that contributes more to a young man's advantages start in business than good penmanship, and there is no better way of acquiring this art than under the instructions of Prof. G. A. Gaskell, of New York City, the advertisement of whose "Compendium" appears elsewhere. This admirable penmanship has received unlimited praise from the best judges in the world.



ferent processes for reproducing the autographs sent us for printing. The best work of this kind has invariably come from the well known establishment of Russell & Richardson, of Boston. In that line of work, as in others, they have no superiors. Our heading and sub-headings, the wood cut of the writing school, and all our best autographs are samples of what they can do. The best wood engravings in the new book published by Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., came from their hands; and although rather high in price, were found more satisfactory and cheaper in the end.

But, in the way of portrait work, we have found no more artistic or life-like likenesses than those made for us by the Moss Engraving Co., of New York. Hereafter this company will engrave all of our portraits, and we hope to exhibit as handsome work in that line as can well be done.

About a quarter of the Vermont towns have elected women as superintendents of schools.

also provide himself with specimens of penmanship; these should be well framed, and ready to put up in any place that may be visited. The most attractive specimens are those that contain a variety of work—a little pen drawing, some flourishing and lettering, and plain business writing. The latter should be very plain, and stand out in bold, distinct, though not heavily shaded, lines. It should be just such writing as one would expect to see done on a merchant's books or in his correspondence by a very fine business penman. The other pieces will not be so carefully scrutinized, and may be executed with more freedom from conventional rules; there is, too, in these a greater artistic latitude.

## THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Before beginning to organize the class, the school room should be secured. It should be properly furnished for such a class, with desks and a blackboard. The use of a school room generally costs the teacher but a trifle, if anything. The teacher usually gives free tickets to his



## Gleanings from Sketches of Great Men.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By OLIVER JOHNSON.

In 1728, there lived in the County of Longford, Ireland, and in the town of Pallas, a clergyman of the Protestant church, who eked out his scanty stipend by cultivating a portion of land. Between these two resources, he contrived to raise about two hundred dollars a year. Pallas was then, and is now, a place remote from all important centres. The obscure hamlet lies drearily on a plain often submerged in water, and access to which is difficult.

Yet here was born, on the 10th day of November, 1728, Oliver Goldsmith, whose name is always included among the literary lights of the eighteenth century.

Although of Irish birth—and the family had been for several generations residents of Ireland—his ancestry was Saxon and Protestant. In the troubled times that preceded Oliver's birth, the Goldsmiths had borne their share of the persecutions accorded to "heretics;" but the knowledge of this left no trace of bitterness in the heart of the most distinguished of their race.

The first six years of Goldsmith's life were spent in this desolate place. The home was poor, and the surroundings not calculated to inspire a child with very lofty ambitions. A wise man has said: "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I care not who has the rest." In Oliver Goldsmith's case, the wild bogs and fens had his first six years, and gave him those vagabond tastes which clung to him throughout life.

When he was seven years of age, his father was presented to a living in Westmeath. This brought great changes for the better. The cottage was left, and a commodious house taken on a frequented road near the village of Lissoy. The income from the living was one thousand dollars a year, which was equal to about twice that sum in these days, and which must have seemed munificent to the family, which had struggled along on one fifth of the sum for years.

It was here that, through the kind offices of a maid servant, young Oliver was taught his alphabet, and prepared to that extent to avail himself of the instructions of a retired quartermaster, who was preceptor of a school where the veriest rudiments were taught. But if the old soldier's erudition was slight, his fund of stories was large, and tales of "banishes" and hobgoblins were an undue proportion to the more serious work of school. For two years Oliver was under this instruction, and then went from one grammar school to another, until he was at last fitted for the university at Dublin.

But these years were by no means careless and happy ones to the luckless schoolboy. His personal appearance was most ungainly. His face, always ugly, showed the scars of small-pox. His limbs were awkwardly adjusted to his slight frame. Conscious of these disadvantages, which we may be sure were set in a clear light before him by his frank companions, and aware of the low opinion in which his instructors held his scholarship, his trials were by no means light. For this same boy, who had so little to recommend him in those days, was painfully eager to secure the

good opinion of people around him. And, like many other shy and sensitive persons, he affected an air of ease, which became almost offensive from the contradictory elements in it.

At seventeen, in 1745, he went up to Trinity College, Dublin, to begin his course of higher studies.

His father, the Rev. Charles, had so impoverished his family by paying a dowry of two thousand dollars on his daughter's marriage, that he was unable to meet the fees for his son's university course; so, much against that young gentleman's wishes, he was entered as a sizar. This position required menial service in lieu of tuition and board, and it must have called for all Goldsmith's good nature to accept it, and lay himself out to the many indignities that would follow. He was finally persuaded to accept it by his Uncle Contarine, who had himself gone through college in that capacity. Had Goldsmith's examination been well borne, he might have triumphed in some degree over his disadvantages; but he stood lowest on the list of applicants, and was barely admitted.

Throughout his career in Dublin he seems to have done very little at his books. His father's death threw upon him a necessity for raising money for himself, and there are rumors of visits to pawnbrokers, the selling of street ballads, and other such expedients, which show that his attention was diverted from the pursuit of learning. His wild spirits led him to play the buffoon in the lecture-room, to pump water on a constable, and to invite a party of both sexes to a ball in his attic. For this latter breach of college law he was severely caned by his tutor—a brutal type of man—in the presence of his guests.

This so wounded the vanity of poor Goldsmith that he sold his books and ran away from college. His brother persuaded him to return, however, and the affair was so far forgiven as to permit him to remain and take his bachelor's degree. That he received this shows that he learned something during his course, and yet when he was graduated there was nothing useful that he was fitted to do. He could play the flute tolerably, sing a song to please his friends, and play cards. In fact, to amuse himself seemed to be his only aim in life.

In this condition he returned to Ballymahon, where his mother had resided since her widowhood. There he occasionally assisted his brother in his school, or ran errands for his mother, or idled around the brooks with his fishing line, or played his flute. Anything to pass the time seemed to be his rule. But the evenings were all devoted to George Conway's inn, where the song and jest, the pipe and glass, and the more exciting game of cards, detained him till the small night hours.

At last his relatives weary of so much idleness, and tried to find some vocation for this hopeless member of the family, who would never find anything to do himself. For some reason, the church was first decided upon—perhaps in the hope of its doing good to one who could certainly do no good to it. But when Goldsmith went to apply to the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, it is said that he arrayed himself in scarlet trousers, and was summarily ejected

from the episcopal palace. Then the good Uncle Contarine, who seems to have been the unifying friend of the luckless wight, secured him a place as tutor in a gentleman's family, where he stayed long enough to amass one hundred and fifty dollars, and to buy a horse. A quarrel in regard to some question of play is said to have been the occasion of the dissolution of this relation. Probably the restless spirit of the young man made him quite ready to leave his quiet occupation as tutor, and led him to seek further adventures.

Be this as it may, he started on his good horse, with his money in his pocket, for Cork, whence he said he was going to sail for America. In six weeks he returned to his mother's house on a wretched hack, his money all gone, the fortune yet unmade. He told a ridiculous story of having paid for his passage and sent his chest on board some vessel bound for the new world, and that while he was having a merry supper with some friends the vessel sailed without him. Whatever the reason was, the fact remained that he was again at home—again in need of assistance. Perhaps a correct history of his adventures might be gleaned from his account of Mr. Barry Lyndon's exploits on his ride to Dublin under similar circumstances.

Uncle Contarine came to the rescue, gave the young man two hundred and fifty dollars, and sent him to Dublin in search of a legal education. In a very short time the money was lost by gambling, and Goldsmith again presented himself to his family. The good uncle forgave the past, and furnished the funds which should secure instruction in medicine. This was in 1752, and then Goldsmith said good by to Ireland for the last time, and started for Edinburgh. There he remained for a year and a half, and his family fondly hoped he was at last fitting himself for a congenial profession. At the end of that time he suggested to his uncle that he was in a condition to be vastly improved by travel, and mentioned the names of one or two learned professors whose erudition would enlighten him. The indulgent uncle consented, and the student started off with one hundred dollars in his pocket. Whether he studied at all is doubtful, for he learned very little; but his taste for gambling was certainly indulged, much to the detriment of his fortunes. At last he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing from a friend enough to take him out of Leyden. Just as he was starting he saw a rare and most expensive flower, of which his Uncle Contarine was very fond, and, with his usual inconsideration, bought the flower, sent it off to Ireland, and started on his grand tour with but a guinea in his pocket.

Of this long journey there are really no records left, which is a great pity. His letters to his uncle, containing usually a delicate appeal for money, give very little information in regard to what he was doing. There is little doubt that he sang or begged his way chiefly, for his uncle did not furnish means to meet all his expenses, and no one else helped him. But he saw much of nature, though he had no eye to observe her secrets carefully; and he probably had a good time in his careless, light-hearted way. He brought home a medical degree, though it is only a mat-

ter of conjecture as to where and how he got it. He certainly saw something of foreign universities, as is shown by his writings.

At the end of four years his remittances from Ireland stopped, his letters remained unanswered, and he at last realized that he must begin to earn his own bread. In 1756 he found himself in London, with such facilities as he had. He was without friends, introductions or money. His appearance was very much against him. Notwithstanding all his opportunities, he had really nothing of value to offer in exchange for the necessities of life, and it was inevitable that there should be many days of hardship before any permanent occupation was found. But a dinner more or less was a trifling inconvenience to Goldsmith, and a debt only disturbed his equanimity because it troubled his creditors. His *insouciance* was absolute, and defied all the "outrageous fortune" which befell him. But his misfortunes never hardened his heart, nor turned his sensitiveness into bitterness; and it is probable that his hardships have troubled his biographers much more than they did himself.

At last employment was found in a chemist's shop, where the compounding of medicines suggested that he might practice a little on his own account. In following this thought, he went to Southwark, where, abandoning his first intention, he became a corrector of the press under Mr. George Richardson. While here, he composed his first play—a tragedy, of course—and almost equally, of course, it was a failure. Then he went to Peckham, where, in 1757, he became an usher in Dr. Milner's school. There he was doubtless quite happy for a time. The family seemed to like this merry, careless usher. Indeed, it was through his acquaintance with young Milner, who was his fellow student at Edinburgh, that he obtained this situation.

He wearied of it before long, and associated himself with Griffiths as a writer of reviews and similar hack work for periodicals. This was not an improvement on the usher's life, for he was subjected to the most exasperating literary surveillance from both Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths. This, however, was the discipline he required to develop the exquisite literary traits which afterward delighted the English public. His work at this time gave but little promise of that which he afterward accomplished, but it was not a failure in any sense. Still, after five months, a quarrel ensued. Goldsmith charged Mr. Griffiths with impertinence, while Mr. Griffiths brought the counter accusation of idleness. Goldsmith left Mr. Griffiths' house, and took lodgings in Fleet Street. He wrote reviews for a short time longer, and then drifted back to Peckham as usher in Dr. Milner's school.

During his residence with Dr. Milner, a bright prospect dawned before the usher. He had the hope of a medical appointment to India, on the Coronandel coast. After taking his friends into consultation, and having his hopes raised to the utmost, the project fell through, probably from deficiency in professional knowledge. This is made more probable from his failure to pass the requisite examination as surgeon's mate, for which he made application when the Coronandel plan exploded.

He was now, in 1758, thirty years of age. The next year he made his first independent literary venture, an "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." Although the work was issued anonymously, the authorship was easily guessed, and Goldsmith had no real desire to keep it secret. The "Enquiry" is a criticism of critics, and animadverted severely upon the injury to literature which grows out of their offices. He could have had no personal motive in writing as he did, for this was the first time he had laid himself open to the lances that had wrought destruction, in his opinion, to others.

Although Goldsmith had tried every other means of taking care of himself that offered, and literature was his *dernier resort*, when he found that the promise of success was greater here than elsewhere, he began to consider the question of devoting himself to it. Dreams of personal distinction had hovered round his brain from time to time, and now there seemed to be a chance, at least, of realizing them.

Just at this crisis, Mr. Wilkie, a bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard, started a new weekly magazine, the *Bee*, and invited Goldsmith to become sole contributor. This was a favorable opening, and the offer was accepted. On the 6th of October, 1759, Mr. Goldsmith made his introductory bow with charming grace.

"There is not, perhaps," he said, in the opening of the first number, "a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real disquiet, who assumes an air of impudence—who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humor." In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself upon his first attempt to address the public in form. All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humor turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd, they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more to be indulged with a favorable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address, or their want of discernment. For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often been blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none; whether to be merry and sad on this solemn occasion. If I should decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like laborers in the magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence, humbly presumed to promise an epitome of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desired to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as vastly low; and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence; in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandlers' shops, and waste paper."

Unfortunately, the *Bee* did not prosper, and after a few numbers the sole

contributor made his farewell bow in much the same tone of humor with which he entered the arena.

But though the *Bee* failed as a magazine, the genius displayed in Goldsmith's contributions brought to his garret men of distinction. Percy, afterward Bishop of Dromore, Smollett, and even the great Samuel Johnson, came to make personal acquaintance with one whom they believed belonged to their corps. Had Boswell been in London then, we should know at what time and how the strong friendship began between Johnson and Goldsmith, but it was not until afterward that he joined his hero. Thereafter there is much light thrown on Goldsmith's character by the truthfulness and accuracy of Boswell. Although he never liked Goldsmith, and was doubtless somewhat jealous of Johnson's friendship for him, his love of fairness led him to correct injurious misstatements.

From this time engagements multiplied with Goldsmith, and the remuneration was adequate to the necessities of a man of any prudence. But of that "sneaking virtue" he was utterly destitute; and the debts and duns, which had always been a prominent feature in his life, continued unabated. On one occasion he invited some young ladies to go to a garden with him. Without giving a thought to his impunctuality, he ordered such refreshments as he wished, and was only brought to a realization of his dilemma by a fruitless search in his pockets for money to pay the bill. But in spite of faults such as this, friends multiplied, and a feeling of tender liking condoned every offence.

His literary work grew apace. "The Citizen of the World," a most delicate satire on the customs of society, was received favorably. It purported to be the criticisms of a Chinese upon European habits. "The Man in Black" is one of the most marked features of this series of papers, and is often supposed to be somewhat autobiographical. There is a vein of whimsical satire here that is most delightful.

In 1760-2, we find our author much in request for the work he was doing so well. Careless as to tidiness, though fond of gay colors and display, it is said that on one evening, when Mr. Percy called for Dr. Johnson to go with him to Goldsmith's lodgings, he found him dressed with the greatest care. This was so remarkable an occurrence that Percy expressed his surprise.

"Why, sir," said Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

The lesson was potent; and tailors' bills were added to the others that followed the now more prosperous author, for an increasing income only encouraged the miserable habit of incurring debts. His growing popularity, and the consequent multiplication of social engagements, led to expenses to which his previous life had been unaccustomed, and for which our happy go lucky author knew not how to make legitimate provision.

Under the urgency of Mr. Newbery, Goldsmith worked very hard. Pamphlets, tracts, compilations and reviews came rapidly from his overtasked pen,

and the logical consequence was a failure of health. And so, in 1762, he left London for a visit to Tunbridge and Bath. Here he was attracted by the fame of Richard Nash, the beau of three generations, who had just died, and the result was a most entertaining life of this master of ceremonies. The "Life" was published anonymously, but every page revealed its authorship. "The mock heroic variety," says William Black, "the half familiar, contemptuous good nature with which he composes this funeral march to a marionette, are extremely whimsical and amusing." There was enough scandal thrown in to please the gossiping spirit of the day. The biographer tried to do justice to his subject, in spite of his ill concealed disposition to laugh at his pretensions.

As an instance of Nash's rude wit, Goldsmith narrates the following: "His physician, having called on him to see whether he had followed a prescription sent him the previous day, was greeted in this fashion: 'Followed your prescription? No. Egad! if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window.'"

On Goldsmith's return to London he took lodgings in Mrs. Fleming's house, near Islington. Here he continued in the service of Mr. Newbery, for whom he wrote industriously. But while writing reviews and revising new editions for his patron, he was also engaged on work of his own. "The Traveller," begun long ago, underwent further revision, and the characters of the inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield" were emerging from the nebulous condition of their first conception into the clearly defined men and women whom we so well know.

The society into which Goldsmith found himself ushered was stimulating to his best powers. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth were among his new friends. He was invited to join "The Club," that famous association which numbered so many brilliant intellects among its members. This latter honor he doubtless owed to Johnson, who was quick to recognize the quality of his genius. Boswell, in his careful record, quotes Johnson as saying, "Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we have as an author, and he is a very worthy man, too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." Boswell had called him a "blunderer, a feather brained person," and ridiculed his appearance. But Goldsmith did not retaliate. Once, when asked, "Who is this Scotch cur who follows at Johnson's heels?" he replied, "He is not a cur: you are too severe—he is only a butt. Tom Davis flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

About this time we lose sight of Goldsmith. His debts were pressing, and he was sometimes obliged to hide himself from his creditors. He had become interested in work for himself, and neglected that for his booksellers, from which his income was derived, and on which he had received advances. His reappearance, as chronicled by Boswell, was when arrested for debt by his landlady. Johnson related the story to Boswell, who preserved it for the public. Painters have done justice to the scene, too, so that it is telling an old story to

repeat it here. Nevertheless, no sketch of our author would be complete without it, so we will quote from Boswell, whose accuracy may be trusted:

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith," says Johnson, "that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

This was in the latter part of 1764, but the novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," did not issue from the press till March, 1766. Before this "The Traveller" appeared, and brought reputation and a little money to the author. The time of its appearance was propitious. Young was dying, Gray dead, and no poet of special power was moving the English heart. The tender pathos of "The Traveller," its vague longing, its musical measure, its carefully considered melody, gave it place at once among the English poems. The second, third and fourth editions speedily appeared. It is characteristic of Goldsmith that when the Earl of Northumberland sent for him to compliment him on his poem, and to inquire whether, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he could be of service to him, he gently set aside any personal claims, and only mentioned that he had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, who stood in need of help.

The success of "The Traveller" led Griffiths and Newbery to make an offer of one hundred dollars for a volume of essays selected from those already printed, and a bright, entertaining book was soon offered to the public. This was followed by the ballad, "Edwin and Angelina."

The increasing honors that came to Goldsmith now led him to take chambers in Garden Court, to engage a man servant, and to wear very fine clothes. His first suit, consisting of purple silk small clothes, scarlet *rouleauze*, a wig, sword and gold headed cane, gave him such delight that in six months he indulged in three similar suits.

At this time he followed a suggestion of Reynolds, and attempted to bring his medical knowledge into use, but the druggist to whom one of his prescriptions was sent refused to make up anything so preposterous, and the patient taking sides with him, our doctor put away his professional ambitions and returned to literature.

"The Good-natured Man" appeared in 1768. Although exquisitely ludicrous in many of its scenes, and notwithstanding the prologue, written by Dr.

[Continued on sixth page.]





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(Publication Office, 17 to 23 Nass Street.)

G. A. GASKELL, PROPRIETOR.

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## Autographs.

Some beautiful autographs have recently been received, but the majority of them are flourished too much to look business like. Our readers should write more plainly, and use good black ink. The following are worthy of special mention. We hope the parties will observe particularly the remarks in parentheses:

R. L. Kraus, 191 Grand Street, New Haven, Conn. (Autograph of old style not received.)  
H. L. Steiner, Osceola, Crawford Co., Ohio.  
R. Fitzgerald, box 68, Peterboro, Ontario. (Autograph of old style not received.)  
E. L. Baldwin, Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio.  
M. B. Moore, Morgan Station, Pendleton Co., Ky.  
H. W. Miller, Brooks Grove, Liv. Co., N. Y. (May be improved.)  
J. H. Smith, 1346 Poplar Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. A. Green, Stafford C. H., Va. (Note quite "easy" enough.)  
D. W. Smith, North Industry, Ohio. (Capitals too large for small letters.)

Gus D. Avery, Clinton, Missouri. (Flourished too much, but otherwise good; try again.)

H. A. Howard, Rockland, Maine. (Written on an unlined card; crooked.)  
F. E. Jones, Randolph, N. Y. (May be improved.)

D. G. Power, drawer 1028, Quebec, Can.  
A. A. Collins, Lewisburg, Lewis Co., N. Y. (Handsome done, but with blue ink; send others in black.)

R. M. Hubbard, Jr., Bastrop, Texas. (Not quite up to standard; try again.)  
A. L. Franklin, Bird in Hand, Lancaster Co., Pa. (The same.)

J. W. Allison, Dunbar, Ont. (Lines are too rough, though the autograph is an artistic one; would be perfect if lines were true.)

Elena M. Smith, Claverack, N. Y. (The finest lady's signature yet received. May we have her portrait?)

W. H. Jackson, Iowa City, Iowa, Johnson Co. Savings Bank. (Beautifully written, but ink is too pale to photograph to the wood block.)

R. M. Veck, Ellsworth, Maine. (This is also specimen of poor ink.)  
J. L. Smith, Windfall, Ind.

The best of the above will soon be engraved, and published. Who will send us the best autographs the coming month?

[From *Lilly's Selection for Autograph and Writing Albums.*]

Oh! keep those pages pure and white.  
Till the glow of truth be there,  
Nor to rule hand presume to write  
Or stain with flattery leaves so fair.  
These lines so highly prized by thee,  
Because 'tis friendship gems them o'er,  
In future years more dear will be  
When those who penned them are no more.

## From a Prominent Teacher.

The following is from Packard's *College Tell-Tale*, New York. We are glad Mr. Packard likes our new book, and we value his opinion. He is widely known as the author of the Bryant & Stratton Book-keeping Series, and generally regarded as authority on that and kindred subjects.

MR. GASKELL, of the Jersey City Business College, has prepared, and Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., of Chicago, have published, a book of 500 pages, entitled "Gaskell's Compendium of Forms. Social, Legal, and Commercial." The publishers say, that *sixteen thousand copies* were sold during the first month after publication. This secures to about 80,000 people, allowing that each copy will have five readers, a very valuable aid in the most trying exigencies of life; for there is scarcely anything that young men and women who want to do, or to think about, that is not ventilated in the book. In fact, on looking over the table of contents, and more particularly the book itself, one cannot help but wonder what must have been the experiences of a man to enable him to lay down, with such force and circumstance, the minutest rules of life and action. One is forced to think that the author must be a man of observation and close introspection.

Mr. Gaskell is one of the most enterprising and independent men in the profession, and he knows just how to keep himself and his work constantly before the people. His energy and skill in putting his *Compendium of Writing into the books and corners of the earth* is something worthy of thought, and as an earnest of the success of his latest work, full of suggestiveness. Every young man and woman who wishes to know how to avoid the blunders and mistakes of life, should at once invest five dollars in Gaskell's "Laws and Forms."



"I find great difficulty in using new steel pens. They seem to be oily; ink won't flow on them. How can I manage them?"—J. H. MAGOFFEY, Yreka, Cal.

Let them stand in the ink till it "takes hold" of the pen; then wipe the pen, carefully removing the oily substance. The best pens frequently have this defect to a great degree. Our own are not free from it.

"Can you tell me where I may get some engrossing or stub pens?"—T. E. STONE, Jasper, Texas.

No; perhaps we may be able to ascertain. We do not use them.

"I hear that if a person sends you names of persons in their city, you will send a present to them. If I send you a list, will you send me a present?"—F. R. B., Watertown, N. Y.

We have no present use for lists of names; our names come in already as fast as we can use them, and they are the best of all names to a publisher—those of his patrons.

"What is the price of 'Bryant & Stratton's New Book-keeping' and where can I get it?"—C. W. BARROCK, New Marlinsville, W. Va.

\$2.75. We will mail it to you.

"1. In practicing from your Compendium, how much time each day should be devoted to it? 2. What is the muscular or combined movement? 3. Do you recommend the use of double lines to guide the pupil in making the same of the same height?"—T. C. F., Tarrytown, N. Y.

For some, a half hour's practice is sufficient; others may practice an hour or so. But the time spent should not be so protracted as to make the work tedious. 2. The muscular movement is explained fully in the *Compendium "Instructions."* 3. The double lines are very good for young pupils—those just beginning to learn their letters; for an older class of learners they are unnecessary.

"1. Is the ink in this letter suitable to be photographed to the engravers' block. If not, which? 2. Can you inform me where I can get a brilliant black ink, or a recipe for making it? 3. Would writing between lines, ruled to the height of small letters, help to improve my handwriting?"—S. S. S., Passaic, N. J.

1. Green ink is not suitable; black is the only color that we can reproduce.  
2. Of J. S. Gaskell, Richmond Centre, Ohio. 3. No.

"Will you kindly give me the address of the lithographers of the penmanship pages in your new book?"—L. B., Chicago.

Donaldson Brothers, Five Points, New York City, and Shober & Co., Chicago.

"Can I obtain a thorough knowledge of book-keeping from the new book, 'Compendium of Forms'?"—M. J. McC., Marlboro, Mass.

A good knowledge of the principles of book-keeping—that is all that can be obtained from the study of a book merely. Such study ought to be followed up by practice, or a course in some good school.

"I see you favor business colleges and that kind of education. Are the business colleges all alike, or which would you recommend?"—L. C., New Brunswick, N. J.

Business colleges are not all alike, any more than other schools are; indeed, there is a very great difference in business schools. You may readily find some good one by inquiring among your friends who have patronized such institutions.

"\*\*\*\*\* I take much interest in fine penmanship, and though too far advanced in bad habits (of writing only, I hope) to expect to attain excellence as penman, I have, notwithstanding, improved considerably in my writing since purchasing your *Compendium* some months ago. There are one or two points I should like to have made clear:

"1. I find that I have a much greater command of the pen (though not for shading at the *bow* of right curve) when writing with a kind of sideways motion of the testing fingers and the forearm, than when the motion is straight away from or toward the body, or more in the line of the forearm. I am anxious to know if, whether by adopting the easier method (to me), I may not be cultivating a bad habit.

"2. I have seen several writers who dropped the holder below the knuckle joint, causing the pen to make an angle of about thirty degrees with the paper, instead of forty-five degrees, as is frequently given as the proper angle in books of instruction. What are the reasons for carrying the holder above the knuckle joint? Why not carry it a little below, if one can write with more ease that way?

"3. Should the muscular movement exercises of the oval and continuous curve be practiced slowly and carefully, or rapidly?

"4. Which of the three penholding fingers plays the principal part; or, are the muscles of each about equally called into action, and do

they press the holder about equally, 1, 2, 3, very lightly?

"5. To what extent do the fingers take part in what is called the combination movement?

"6. I find it very difficult to properly shade at the base of the right curve. Is it not necessary to press the pen a slight turn to the right?"—R. E. R., 52 Wall Street, New York City.

1 and 2. We judge that you are doing your "level best" to carry out some author's idea literally, instead of using some of your own common sense. If it is easier for you to write with the penholder below the knuckle joint, hold it below. That is the only way the writer of this can hold his pen. Hands differ, and so do positions. 3. With moderate rapidity, the hand, fingers and arm all moving together, as one. 4 and 5. The two first fingers and the thumb are brought most into use: the long up and down strokes of the extended small letters bring them into exercise in the combination movement. 6. Because you haven't got started just right. This we think will be remedied hereafter. Perhaps your pens are not good.

"Please inform me what size my autograph must be to be published in the GAZETTE. If I make large capitals with the whole arm movement could they be reduced in size by photographing on the plate? And what time will I have to send my autograph to be published in the next issue?"—A. J., Elizabethtown, N. C.

The autograph may be a trifle larger than that to fill a column of the GAZETTE; when photographed to the plate it is much smaller. Yes; large capitals will appear smaller in the plate, but the proper proportions of both the capitals and small letters must be preserved. A common fault is to make capitals much too large. Many of the autographs sent us are thrown out for that reason. It is probable that no autographs will be published in the next issue, other penmanship taking their place.

"In your instruction on page eight, part No. 3, you say, 'rest the hand on the third and fourth fingers.' Are these two fingers to move over the paper with the hand, or are they to form a stationary rest? Please answer the above and oblige."—W. C. A. NORTH, Grosvenordale, Conn.

The fingers form a sliding rest, and move with the hand.

"I want to get a case of colored inks, and to canvas for a trade in that line. Please tell me where I can get them."—L. H., Taitville, W. Va.

Write to some first class manufacturer of inks.

"Do you think, by my style of penmanship, that I could make a good penman? If so, what course shall I pursue to be such? Does writing with a lead pencil interfere with good writing? Am a newspaper correspondent, and use the pencil a great deal."—MISS C. FRANCES J., New Ipswich, N. H.

Your writing may be greatly improved. If you determine to change it, procure good pens, ink and paper, and go to work, carefully and systematically. Instead of using the pencil so much in your correspondence, write with a pen, and take some pains with your penmanship. You don't know how many blessings the poor printers may call down on you.

"Attention is invited to the card of W. E. Dennis, of Brooklyn, in this issue. He is one of the very finest ornamental penmen in this country.





*John D. Williams*

This young man has recently gone to St. John, New Brunswick, where he is to teach writing in the business college of that city. He has been a painstaking learner, and has become a very good business penman. The past winter he taught several successful classes in the vicinity of St. John, and was highly praised by the local newspapers.

We hope to hear from him frequently in the future, and to know that he is gaining ground as a teacher, where what talent one may possess in that direction will be encouraged and remunerated.

#### Will Education Yield Substance!

T. M. Sloan, in *Harper's Magazine*, discusses this question with much ability. He might very properly have spoken of the ordinary elementary branches, as always helping in earning a livelihood. It is rather difficult for one to imagine any place where they would not be of some service. As to a good handwriting, that is almost a fortune of itself when combined with good English, good spelling, etc. Mr. Sloan says:

An education, yes; but what sort of an education? A bricklayer's education, an artisan's, a farmer's, would indeed help him to earn a living. A college education would give him a social advantage, but it would not, in itself, increase his chance of earning a living; it would rather diminish it. For, as was pointed out in an interesting paper lately published in this magazine, our colleges do not, like the French and German universities, instruct a young man in the bread winning pursuits; the American colleges are, on the contrary, institutions for general culture. I do not take up the question here of the amount and value of the culture they supply. The point for us to note is, that the educated young American has not a special education as a bread winner is worse off, as to his money prospects, than the young American who can have no college education at all. Dig it, he cannot, and to beg he is shamed. Two of the professions at least are fatally overcrowded. The United States, with a population not greatly larger than that of the German Empire, graduates every year five times as many physicians; for the German Empire limits the number of its doctors, and we do not limit that of ours. Very many of our physicians not only wait years for practice, but never get into practice at all. It is much the same with the profession of law. In both professions there are prizes for a few, and failures, more or less complete, for the many. The engineering, mining, and other scientific professions offer a somewhat better chance, and public life, almost

neglected as a profession, will attract a better class of young men from year to year. But upon none of these, save in favored and exceptional cases, where a son succeeds to his father's practice, can a young man depend for fortune, or even for immediate support. They, too, offer a certain social dignity. But, as a rule, it is the laborer, artisan, or tradesman that has the better chance of supporting himself; it is the educated man that has more frequently to wait before he can pay his way. If, therefore, we educate our sons, it is all the better reason why we should provide, not indeed for their independence, but some aid during the years which they are likely to spend in waiting before they can achieve their position.

It is to be remembered, too, that these years of waiting may become, with such aid, years of scholarly or scientific accomplishment, if not of money making; years of strengthened preparation; years that might introduce and brighten a career, instead of wasted years that cloud or spoil it.

#### John D. Williams.

Below we give a specimen of off-hand penmanship, from the pen of the late John D. Williams. Mr. Williams was widely known as one of the finest penmen this country ever produced. In Packard's *College Tell-Tale*, for February, we find a very interesting

the good and true in literature, as well as in art. He had a strong humorous side, and upon occasion, could "take on" a character with wonderful fidelity. He was a close observer of personal traits, and was the equal of Dickens in perceiving the characteristic oddities of his friends—either in speech or action—and these would stand out, in his imitation, with the distinctness of a Nast caricature. And he had friends—hosts of them—good and true. Although outspoken and independent, he never excited animosity, even with his competitors, and it is doubtful if, at his death, he had an enemy in the world. The reason lay in the very nature of the man. He could not hold enmity. In love with his profession, he had a genuine respect for every man who was striving to excel in it, and he habitually took as much pride in other people's work as in his own. He had the remarkable quality of being able to criticize his own work, and he often did it unsparringly. And he could just as clearly see the failings of others, and did not hesitate to point them out. His criticisms were just, and to an artist who wished to succeed on his merits, invaluable.

Mr. Williams' published works were the "Mount Vernon Series of School Copy Books," published in 1859 by Clark & Austin; "Williams & Packard's Gems of Penmanship," published in 1867 by D. Appleton & Co.; "Williams & Packard's Series of Copy Books," and "Key to Penmanship," published by Slat, Woodman & Co. in 1869. He died at Albany, January 6, 1871.



sketch of this popular teacher, from the pen of S. S. Packard, Esq., proprietor of the New York Business College. We make the following extracts:

He was born in the City of Pittsburgh, in 1820, but his boyhood days were spent in Newcastle, Penn., at least until he was eleven or twelve years of age. He showed an early love for writing and drawing, and it is said that a piece of chalk or charcoal and a board fence, would come as near making him perfectly happy as anything could. Those were the days of peripatetic writing masters, wherein wonderful results were achieved "in ten lessons," by candle light, with quill pens.

It was in one of these "writing schools" that the boy received his first impetus in the direction of his future fame. He was, while yet a boy, clerk on several of the Ohio River steamboats, where his "manifests" excited much attention, on account of the good writing and the skill displayed in their arrangement. While yet under age he was employed as Teacher of Penmanship in Duff's Commercial College, Pittsburgh. While in this capacity, he executed a wonderful piece of ornamental pen work—an enlarged copy of "St. George and the Dragon." For a number of years this picture was displayed at Barnum's Museum, corner of Ann Street and Broadway, taking its share with the "Albino Girl," the "What Is It?" and "Washington's Nurse," in distending the eyes of the rustics.

Mr. Williams was not a man of literary culture, but he had a remarkably fine perception of

#### Letters on Various Topics from Our Subscribers.

CLARKSVILLE, ARK., Feb. 21, 1881.

To the Editor of the *Penman's Gazette*:

I wish to call your attention to a peculiar advertisement in the February number of the *Sunday Magazine*, of New York, on page 259. I see the parties use Henry Collins' autographs, and making the request are signed in the *GAZETTE*. Can you tell me how to make your ink?

Yours truly,

JOHN HILL.

THREE FORKS REEF, W. VA.,  
Feb. 19, 1881.

To the Editor of the *Penman's Gazette*:

In answer to your invitation in the *GAZETTE* for young men and women to correspond with you, who may wish to better their prospects in life, I desire to say, that I am a boy in the backwoods of West Virginia, and am desirous of making a respectable living. Can you tell me how I may do so with the pen? I think I will, some time, attend a business college.

J. K. FIELDS.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 24, 1881.

To the Editor of the *Penman's Gazette*:

The first issue of your paper has just reached me, and I am much pleased with it. I hope that as you progress with it we may be favored with contributions by such writers as Packard, Hin-

man and Shattuck, and a score of others, whose lively articles are not only entertaining, but instructive in the highest degree. Who but Packard could have written the fine sketch of Williams, published in the *Art Journal*? And Hinman, too, has written some spicy things—just personal enough to make them of interest to all. What we want in a penman's paper is plenty of news, and not so much of dull reading. Give us a variety, and plenty of it, and we will roll up a list of names for you that it will do you good to see.

I like you "answers to correspondents," and have been drawing up some questions that I am going to give you some day, and if you will answer them as fully as the plan seems to indicate, shall be greatly obliged to you.

"QUILL DRIVER."

#### The Penman's Art Journal.

Published by Daniel T. Ames, 205 Broadway, New York, is a handsome eight page monthly, that is doing much good in giving learners throughout the country correct ideas respecting penmanship, both plain and ornamental. Mr. Ames is himself a penman of acknowledged merit, and a man of unusual liberality and enterprise; his journal deserves a liberal patronage from all classes of the writing fraternity throughout the country.

[From the *Church Exponent*, Rev. R. Hartcourt, author of "*Rambles Through the British Isles*," editor, Jersey City.]

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM OF FORMS—Educational, Social, Legal and Commercial, embracing a Complete Self-teaching Course in Penmanship and Book-keeping, etc., by Prof. G. A. Gaskell, Principal of Jersey City Business College, N. J. Published by Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., Chicago, Ill.

This magnificent volume contains some 500 pages, handsomely illustrated. The typography and execution of the book is almost faultless. The work is dedicated to the young men and young women of the United States, in whose interests it was prepared, and for whom we know of no more valuable compound of useful knowledge. Here we have rules and forms for letter writing, for politeness, for conduct in all the varied relations in society; rules for the home and family, for business and pleasure. Here, too, we have legal forms, abstracts of the State laws, for the benefit of the business man, the mechanic and the farmer indeed, for all. It will be found to be an invaluable book of reference. It illustrates more fully and applies more extensively and practically the true principles of business and house life, than any work of the kind published. It is well worthy of a place in every home. It will be found an excellent directory for general use and reference, and also for instructions on the various subjects for which it is prepared.

[From the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, March 3.]

PROFESSOR GASKELL has advertised in the *Inter-Ocean* regularly this season for several months, as well as last year, and our readers are, no doubt, well acquainted with his prominence and system. His Compendium is the most popular system of self-teaching penmanship in the world, and has had a sale eclipsing everything in that line ever published. We commend Mr. Gaskell and his Compendium to our readers, the former as a good, prompt man of business; the latter as the model self-instructor for every young person wishing to acquire a splendid handwriting without attending a business college.

## Oliver Goldsmith.

[Continued from third page.]

Johnson, it was coldly received. Garrick knew the popular taste so well, he would not produce it at Drury Lane; and when it was offered at Covent Garden, then just opening, one of the best scenes was hissed so positively that it was thenceforth omitted. The author received about \$2,500 from the sale of the copyright and from benefit nights, which was much more money than his books had brought him.

At this time, the elder Newbery, Goldsmith's early patron, died. This loss did not tempt him to accept the invitation of an agent of the government to write, in the interests of a party, personal libels, for which he would have received good compensation.

The money received from the "Good-natured Man" was quickly spent on a set of chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple. These were decorated, and then began a series of parties of a most extraordinary character. For the entertainment of his guests, Goldsmith would play the buffoon, or anything else; but it did not please him that the familiarity he thus encouraged took the shape it did, and that he was considered as a jester on other occasions.

Debts increased, and the inconvenience of them grew greater. Success, too, excited jealous attacks of spitefulness from the literary Bohemians of the day, and Goldsmith could not, like Johnson, treat these with indifferent contempt. His sensitiveness, and perhaps his vanity, too, made such attacks very painful; and he could not at once rise above them. The strong support of Johnson, who was then the great literary umpire, was a strong rock of defence. "Whether, indeed," Johnson asserted to a distinguished assembly—"whether, indeed, we take him as poet, as comic writer, or as an historian, *he stands in the first class.*"

In 1769, Goldsmith entered into an engagement with Griffiths to write a "History of Animated Nature." There were to be eight volumes, and eight hundred guineas were to be paid for the copyright. It was a curious project to engage a man, whose knowledge in this line was almost nil, to prepare an eight volume work upon it. The ignorance betrayed was most ludicrous, as, for example, the announcement that the "insidious tiger was a denizen of the backwoods of Canada." Nevertheless, the book was, as Johnson said it would be, "as entertaining as a Persian tale." A "Roman History," which, like his other histories, was a compilation, appeared while the "Animated Nature" was in process of completion. And from this time this kind of work superseded, in great measure his original productions.

On the 20th of May, 1770, Goldsmith being then in his forty-second year, the "Deserted Village" appeared. This poem had been expected for some time, and received a welcome of praise which even the reviews were unwilling to impair. Now that the poem has borne the test of over a century of criticism, it stands, and must ever stand, as one of the most delightful contributions to English literature. It was gracefully dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who returned the compliment by painting a picture, on the engraving of which he put this inscription: "This attempt to

express a character in the 'Deserted Village' is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith, by his sincere friend and admirer, Sir Joshua Reynolds."

The success of the "Deserted Village" enabled Dr. Goldsmith to visit the Continent, in company with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters. But, although there was much to enjoy, a spirit of dissatisfaction pervaded the party, and Goldsmith, at least, was glad to return to England.

There he resumed his finery and his frolics. Again he compiled histories and biographies, with such eagerness as his necessities enforced. He continued his witticisms, which were so often mistaken for wounded vanity and envious spite, and was loved, despised, courted and misunderstood as before.

Again he decided to write a comedy, the success of the "Good-natured Man" encouraging him to try that vein once more. "She Stoops to Conquer" was the outcome of this resolve. Colman, manager at Covent Garden, hesitated long about taking it, but Goldsmith's friends insisted. During the rehearsals Colman avowed his distrust of the play, and it was under very discouraging circumstances that, on the 15th of March, 1773, the night arrived when the public was to judge of its merits. Goldsmith's agitation was so great he could not go to the theatre, but wandered around St. James' Park until a friend found him, and persuaded him that his presence in the theatre was necessary.

The piece was a success from the beginning, and the proceeds justified the venture.

Although the money that came in was as much as could be expected, it did but little to relieve Dr. Goldsmith from his embarrassments. The light heart of youth was gone, and burdens began to weigh heavily. His health became affected. Depression of spirits and irritability attacked him, and he quarrelled with the booksellers, and even had one or two serious tiffs with Dr. Johnson. He wrote part of a poem, "Retaliation," in which he sketches, with his masterly pen, the characters of some of his associates. This was his last work.

A nervous fever, aggravated by mental disturbances, laid him low, and on the night of the 25th of March, 1774, in his forty-sixth year, he died. He was buried in the churchyard of the Temple, but all traces of the grave are lost. Some of his friends placed a cenotaph to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and Johnson wrote the inscription.

The announcement of his death was received with many demonstrations of sorrow. Burke burst into tears, and Reynolds threw aside his pencil for the day. But the loudest grief came from an assemblage of those upon whom Goldsmith had spent a large portion of his time and money in unwise charity or worse. If he could have restrained his inclinations and his taste for gambling, his life might have been prolonged, and his years would have been full of comfort and honor. But his failures are past, his achievements remain to us, and it would be a hard heart that had no place of honor for gentle Oliver Goldsmith.

Men are guided less by conscience than by glory; and yet the shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.

## Getting at the Point.

(FROM FAIR AND FORTIOR.)

Of course it was a sin  
For him to stick a pin

In the chair  
Where his parent once sat,  
But he didn't think of that—  
That's sure.

On the cushion soft and fat  
Lay his father's Sunday hat,  
And he knew

That he'd never stoop to look  
For the tiny, pointed book  
Sticking through

So behind the lounge he got,  
For he thought he'd rather not  
Be around

When the parent raised the hat  
And upon the pin-point sat—  
Judgment closed.

Then he heard his father's step,  
And another, but he kept  
Like a mouse.

The new person, sure as fate,  
Moved into the place of late,  
South to ensue.

Host from chair removed his hat,  
Bade him seat himself in that,  
And he did.

From inspired lips there fell  
Earnest words and curling yell  
All unaid.

Now that boy has lost his aim,  
And a sent that just tells him  
Must be soft.

As we witness a way from front,  
But you'll more he don't sit down  
Very oft.

## Letters and Letter Writing.

One man has very little to say, but he puts it with a kind of epigrammatic neatness, while the other gives it the curtest of negatives or assents. One man contrives to put an element of personal kindness into his slightest missive, but the other manages to preserve his coldness and distance even with ink and paper. In printed volumes of correspondence I always look out for the very short notes. They are frequently the raciest and most characteristic of the whole set. Many persons who would not take the trouble of reading the wonderful despatches of the Duke of Wellington, are glad to read any of those innumerable short notes in which "F. M., the Duke of Wellington, presents his compliments" to an immense variety of people. We must all enjoy the short notes of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle, and we all value notes from our correspondents, albeit they are not Ruskins and Carlyles, which come under the denomination of "short and sweet." There are some people who write even kind letters in an ungracious manner, and others who possess a most obliging way of disobliging us, and are very clever in the combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.

It is a common remark to make, that in these days people have ceased to write letters. They used to write epistles, but now they only send messages. Like all other sweeping remarks, this generalization is only partly true. There are people who write, or ought to write, with constancy to each other. There are the lovers' letters, which always constitute a tremendous item in the correspondence of the country, and which almost disarrange the public service on and about the 14th of February. Then there are the letters of brothers and sisters, which should be ever so bright and interesting in purity of affection and harmony of interests. Then there are letters which parents write to their children, and children to their parents. Then there are some people who maintain such constant intimacy and friend-

ship that they write to each other regularly, though it may be at long intervals. There are many persons who are called to write letters in every one of the capacities that we have mentioned; and when years roll by and much correspondence has accumulated, we may truly say of such men, as we say of all men, that each man writes his own memoirs. I have heard of good children who, in all quarters of the globe and through all vicissitudes of fortune, have never ceased to write to the old home once a week. They have left memoirs rich in moral beauty.

There are some people who never write letters. Of course this is not absolutely true, because sudden emergencies arise when it is possible to escape writing any more than to escape talking. Still, they hate it, and hold aloof from it as much as possible. You cannot keep up the social ball unless you help to toss it to and fro. More than that, there are people who naturally wish to be written to. If they do not receive the letters which they expect, they naturally feel hurt, and, not without reason, consider themselves neglected. You can often do no kinder or more Christian act than sit down and write a long letter to some sensitive minded friend, to whom such a letter must be as the very wine of life.

## Paying for a Kiss.

At a race course in Normandy some Englishmen were admiring the picturesque costumes of the women of the country. Several of the gentlemen jockeys, slightly excited by the impetuous of their *dejeuner*, were gathered in a knot, admiring not only the costumes, but the captivating faces of the women of Normandy, whose beauty was heightened by the piquant originality of their lofty lace head gear. These sportsmen were uttering their comments on the passers by in a loud tone of voice, when their attention was arrested by the extraordinary beauty of a young woman, evidently just married, who at that moment passed by. She was walking in the midst of a group of country lads and lasses in their silk dresses and long-tailed, short-waisted black coats, and in the company might be seen the black cassock of the *cure* and the vicar of the parish.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed one of the sportsmen; "on my honor, I'd give two sovereigns for a kiss of her rosy cheek."

"Hullo! here is a bistek who says he'll give two sovereigns to kiss our Louise," said a bumpkin, in black velvet vest and holo-nailed shoes.

"Ah! ah!" cried several of the girls together, "how generous; two louis are not Peru!"

"Well, then, I'll give three," said the Englishman.

The young woman to whom the pro- vocation was addressed, looked toward the Englishman, and smilingly said:

"It would give you a great deal of pleasure, then, monsieur?"

"Oh, an immense deal!"

"Well, in that case," continued she, after a little hesitation, "give five louis, and here is my cheek."

This challenged, his liberality would not have backed out had it cost him twenty guineas. The five golden pieces



were drawn from his purse, and placed in the young woman's hands, who honestly performed her part of the contract, and received a brace of kisses.

"What a windfall!" cried she, gaily; "here, M. le Cure, are five gold pieces for the poor of our parish."

As she finished, acclamations rose on all sides.

"Oh! if that is to be the use of the money, a guinea more for the poor," said the sportsman, and the acclamations were louder than ever.

#### A Turkish Post Office.

A Turkish post office must be an excellent place for the amusement of those who have the sense of humor. The *Cologne Gazette* describes a scene at one of them, as follows: A turbaned Ottoman slowly approaches the pigeon-hole of the post office. He bows repeatedly to the official, and, laying his right hand on his breast, exclaims, "May the noble morning be fortunate for you, sir!"

Official, returning the salutation, inquires, "What is your pleasure?"

"Thy servant desires a few stamps—postage stamps—in order to send letters to Europe. My son, Abdullah Effendi, glass merchant, of Ak Serai, has travelled to London, and his family wishes to write to him. I, myself, indeed, do not possess the accomplishment of writing; but a relative, the grandson of my first wife's great uncle, the great pipe bowl manufacturer of Tophane, is master of that art, and he will pen the epistle for us."

"Very good; and how many stamps do you want, sir?"

"Ah! my jewel; how many do I require? One, I suppose, will not be sufficient, for he will not return yet for four weeks; so give me two."

"Very good; here they are—two and a half piastres."

"What is that thou sayest, my lamb? Two piastres is what I used to give some years back, when Abdullah was previously in London. Wait; it was—"

"Quite right, Effendim; but since then the fee has been altered, and the price is now greater."

"Is it so, apple of my eye? The price is greater; alas! alas!"

Herewith the Turk pulls out a roll of notes, on seeing which the official exclaims, "No, my diamond, no! We take no paper money here. You must pay in silver."

"Eh, what! you take no paper? Why not? Surely it is good money of the *padishah* in whose realms you are. Well, well, I will give you hard money. I have some with me in copper."

"No, Effendim," replies the official; "we don't take copper either. You must pay in silver."

"Silver? By my head, I have none! Do me the kindness of taking copper. I will pay you the *agio*."

"Impossible, Effendim; I am not allowed to take it."

"Well, what am I to do, then, my son?"

"Go to the money changer; he is sitting there in the corner."

"Ah, me, it is very hot! Won't you really take copper?"

"I cannot, under any circumstances."

"Very well, then, you shall have silver. Here it is."

"Thanks."

This part of the business being concluded, the Turk asks:

"When will the letter be sent off?"

"First tell me, father, when do you intend to write?"

"Oh, to-day! as soon as I get back from the fish market, whither I must first go, I will have the letter written."

"Then it will be dispatched in the morning, if you bring it here before two o'clock this afternoon."

"Excellent! And when will the answer come back?"

"Well, Effendim, that will depend on when your son posts his reply."

"Writes his reply, my lamb! Why, what are you thinking of? He will do it at once, of course. Do you think he will keep his father waiting?"

"Very well; in that case the answer will arrive quickly. You may, perhaps, get it in ten days."

"Bravo! bravo! Then I will come back in ten days' time. Good-by! May Allah lengthen thy shadow, my heart!"

"Good-by, sir; and may thy beard luxuriantly flourish."

#### Anecdotes of Ole Bull.

The *Youth's Companion* tells the following of the famous violinist, Ole Bull:

Upon one occasion, a visitor laughed immoderately at one of the violinist's witty stories, and afterward apologized for seeming rudeness.

"Oh," said Mr. Bull, "do not mind; I like to see any one natural. Do not be ashamed of laughing or crying when you feel like it. It is strange that human nature is prone to make an excuse for its better impulses."

Upon one occasion a friend had called upon him to invite him to take a ride in the suburbs of Boston. At about the same time, he heard of a little boy of his acquaintance who had broken his leg, and was unable to leave his bed.

"I must decline your kind invitation to ride," he replied to his friend; and he passed the afternoon in playing the violin for the amusement of the little invalid.

While upon a concert tour in New England he went into a barber's shop in a small town, where he was to play. As he entered the shop he found the barber fiddling away with more strength than skill.

As the barber began to lather the musician's face, the latter remarked:

"So you play the violin?"

"Oh, yes," was the rejoinder; "I am going to hear the famous Ole Bull to-night, and I expect a great treat. Have you ever heard him?"

"Often," said the violinist.

"How do you like his playing?" continued the barber.

"Oh, he plays pretty well, but I am never fully satisfied with his work."

"Is it possible?" asked the barber. "Well," said he, "I am going to hear him to-night, and I shall judge for myself."

When night came, Ole Bull discovered the barber in the audience, a most attentive listener. When the violinist entered the shop again the next morning to be shaved, the barber said:

"I have broken my fiddle all to pieces."

Ole Bull made him a present of a good violin, and gave him, from time to time, some most valuable instruction.

[From the *Home and Farm*, Louisville, March 1.]

Prof. G. A. Gaskell warns all persons against a fraudulent concern of Boston, which advertises under the name of "Prof. Gaskell's Compendium." Mr. Gaskell claims that this concern is gotten up to reap the benefit of his reputation gained by honest dealing and an immense outlay of money.

[From the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, March 3.]

Our readers, by this time, are pretty well acquainted with Professor G. A. Gaskell. They know, as we long since found out, that he is as prompt in filling all orders for his *Compendium* as the latter is beautiful and complete for its purpose. We hope to give Mr. Gaskell the same space next year. This is the last time our readers will see his advertisement this season.

#### The Great Ruby.

The first and most famous of existing rubies forms part of the imperial states crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838, embellished with all the gems left after the destruction of the regalia during the period of the Commonwealth, and subsequently added to by purchases. This ruby, standing in the centre of the Maltese cross, on the top of the British crown, and the most conspicuous gem on it, is believed to be, on tolerably good authority, the same as that worn in front of the helmet of King Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Unlike famous diamonds, rubies have no proper names, but this one in the British crown might be called the "Agincourt." Its history can be traced back to the year 1367, when, after the battle of Najara, near Vittoria, King Pedro of Castile presented it to Edward the Black Prince. This "Agincourt," if so it can be called, has a small hole bored through it, after a fashion common in the East, to be hung by itself round the neck. The hole is now filled in the front part by a small ruby, to be distinguished only from the stone by close examination. Of about the same size as this ruby is another, formerly among the regalia of Austria, but of the present existence of which little, if anything, is known. The Emperor Rudolph II. received it in 1360 from his sister, Queen Dowager of France, it being valued at the time at 60,000 ducats, or about £30,000. It would now probably be worth not far from half a million sterling, the ruby having increased in value more than any other precious stone.

#### Off-Hand Flourishes.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

Pleasure is seldom found where it is sought. Our highest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

The Stars: the Alphabet of Omnipotence. The Flowers: the Language of Angels. The Birds: the Singers of God's own music.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy merely because he has enough to eat.

"Better to be alone than in bad company." True; but, unfortunately, many persons are never in so bad company as when they are alone.

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

The qualities of your friends will be the qualities of your enemies; cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is when she has in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty, and in her life virtue.

The last, best fruit, which comes late to perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, and philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

There is no school like God's large schoolhouse. And there are no school-days to compare to the threescore and ten years in which we move to and fro about this schoolhouse of our Father with our books not slung over our shoulders, but carried in the heart.

A gentleman who was interceding with Bishop Bloomfield for a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, concluded his eulogism by saying, "In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul." "Yes," said the bishop, drily, "in prisons oft."

#### Little Bits.

When a boy walks with a girl, as though he were afraid some one might see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is another fellow's sister.

They were walking by the seaside, and he sighed and she sighed; and she was by his side and he by her side, and they were beside themselves, beside being at the seaside, where she sighed and he sighed.

There is nothing as strong as habit. It is told of a physician who always demanded payment on the spot, that he was so particular that when he prescribed for himself he used to take a guinea out of one pocket and put it into another.

He was too solemn a preacher; he didn't suit in Nevada. The chairman of the farewell committee expressed it well. Said he: "Now, you git, pard; we ain't agin religion out here, and it riles us to see a feller spilin' it. Git."

"Do you love her still?" asked the judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

An aged colored man was hastening home from church, and was asked why he was in so great a hurry. "Oh, nothin' partiklar, boss," was the answer, on'y I jess heerd at de confrunce dat Sam Johnson's fell frum grace, an' I thought I'd get right home 's soon 's I could 'n lock up my chickens; that's all."

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired young Sillabub of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes; and do you know we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes awfully, and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the church sociables."

The intelligent compositor of the *Binghamton Republican*, who was recently handed a paragraph which read: "The lumbermen in this vicinity are busy skidding their logs, preparatory to hauling to the mills," set it up to read, "The humbler men in this vicinity are busy skinning their dogs, preparatory to hauling to their meals."







# THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT 17 TO 23 ROSE ST.; SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

G. A. GASKELL, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1881.

VOL. III.—No. 4.

## Rapid Business Writing.

WITH PORTRAIT OF ER. C. JACOBS.

In the business community there is to-day, as there has been for many years, a constant demand for good rapid writers, not always those whose penmanship conforms in every respect to the writing teacher's rules, or that is ornamental in its character. Our best commercial schools and systems of instruction in penmanship are conforming more and more to the necessities of the times in this direction. It is true that a really systematic hand may be, at the same time, an easy and rapid style; but where there is a great deal of writing to be done, and the writer is taxed to his utmost to keep up with his work, the handwriting assumes, gradually, a different character from that of the professional expert, and must be judged from an entirely different standpoint.

Mr. Jacobs represents a large class of our best young business men, those who aspire to write handsomely, as well as rapidly. He is employed as head invoice clerk in the wholesale drug house of Richardson & Co., 704 to 714 North Main Street, St. Louis. His writing is remarkable for its apparent ease of execution, its uniformity of appearance, general smoothness and perfect legibility, qualities in handwriting that every good business man appreciates.

Though he has not brought his rapid writing to the perfection that Robert C. Spencer has attained in his, or Mr. Packard, Lillibridge, William Allen Miller, or Cowley, who have given handwriting greater study and care, have in theirs, yet there are few who will not see in his simple signature alone all the characteristics we have named.

During the year we shall give several specimens of rapid writing; our readers are particularly interested in that branch of penmanship. Merchants and bankers say to our teachers: "Give us good rapid writers; we don't want any ornamental flourishers or flourishes."

Each department has its own sphere, however. The writing teacher should be not only a good writer, but a first class ornamental penman. If he is not, he is as little qualified to fill his place as a copy-hand scribe the post of invoice clerk.

The Canada School Journal, a handsome, as well as a valuable paper by the way, copies from an exchange Professor Shattuck's Hints to Teachers, but gives no credit to the paper from which it is taken. We are sorry to see this; it shows the alarming degeneracy of the present age.

## Writing and Writing Teachers of the Olden Time.

To the Editor of the Penman's Gazette.

SIR: When I acceded to your request to write up this subject, I did not know the precise nature of the contract. If I had known it, I might or might not have undertaken the work. There is enough in it that is personally pleasing to myself—especially that part which relates to my own experience; but I cannot judge as to how much or what part of that experience will interest the general reader. When we arrive at "a certain age," and our lives lie behind us rather than before us, the incidents of those early days seem to attain to strange proportions in our memory, and those things which in themselves are smallest grow to be largest in our affections; and as we approach the western horizon, the mirage which rises over the eastern plain assumes a strange beauty and brilliancy, and we become, as it were, color blind.

I see you have promised your readers that in this paper I will speak "of the plan of conducting writing schools thirty years ago." I doubt if what I shall write will bear out this promise, but as you have made it, I give you full power to cut out such portions as may seem inconsistent with this purpose, and thus save your space for better padding. It is not safe, in fact, to predict anything for me, for I cannot shoot at a mark. My game must always be "on the wing," and then I can miss four times where I hit once. But I like to hang away all the same.

### THE QUILL PEN ERA.

The days of which I have been speaking ante-date the steel and gold pen era. I do not remember at this time to have ever seen a metallic pen in use. Among my father's trinkets, I recollect, was a silver pen with silver points; but no one could write with it. It was simply a curiosity. Hence, as you see, the item of penmaking was an important one, both in the business of teaching and of fine writing; and he who had the knack of making a good quill pen was sure to be in demand. I had that knack in an exasperating state of perfection, and from the age of twelve to the time I left school I was the champion quill-whittler among teachers and pupils, and really had most of that work to do. I have often thought that if I could have had a capital of one cent for every quill pen I had made, and a quarter of a cent for every one I had "mended" up to the age of sixteen, it would have been a modest competence for almost any line of business requiring capital.

In fact, so intense had grown my pen-mending mania, that after I began to use steel pens

—which was not until 1846, when I purchased, with much perturbation and many misgivings, a dozen of "Gillott's 303" on a card—I carried with me a fine hone, which I used successfully in replacing worn points. My first dozen steel pens thus lasted me nearly a year. I use more now.

### PACKARD'S FIRST WRITING SCHOOL.

My first writing school was taught in the village of Eden, Delaware County, Ohio, in the winter of 1842-3. I was then sixteen years old, and thought I was a good deal of a man. My charges for tuition, however, would hardly support this assumption, for, if I mistake not, they were placed at the modest figure of *fifty cents* for twelve lessons. I am sure about the fifty cents, but the time may possibly have been longer. As I think of it now, I conclude that the Edenic state of my mind may have had something to do with the liberality of my tuition rates, for I was desperately in love with one of

Eden's fair daughters, whose name was not Eve, exactly, but whose divine qualities did not suffer, in my imagination, by comparison with any woman or angel from Eve down. Under these circumstances, I would have taught at even lower rates, for I did not care to be banished from Eden in my state of temperature. This fact will appear in even stronger light, when I say that as money seemed to be scarce in Eden, I agreed, in most cases, to take my pay in wheat, which I well remember was worth fifty cents a bushel. That brought the whole

matter down to the paradisaical basis of simple barter—a bushel of wheat for a course of lessons in writing. It would have been even more consistent if the commodity had been apples instead of wheat. The most that I can remember about that school is that I boarded with my sweetheart, who seemed to require a good many private lessons, and that when my wheat was gathered in and sold, I had a clear cash capital of something less than five dollars. As I had never owned so much money before "in a lump," my own estimate of my importance in the community can be easily imagined. I left Eden—not as Adam had done in the twilight of our genealogical history, in disgrace—but a proud and self-conscious man, who had triumphantly entered upon his career.

### TEACHES DISTRICT SCHOOL.

The next two years I spent in teaching district schools and "boarding around"—the first ten months at a compensation of *seven dollars a month*, pieced out by teaching evening writing schools during the winter, which necessitated a nightly tramp of some twelve miles through the

woods, carrying the writing books to and fro that I might write the copies during the day.

### PROJECTS A GRAND SCHEME.

At this time I projected a grand scheme of professional work, which, in the spring of 1844, I attempted to put in practice. I first spent three or four weeks in "getting up" specimens of penmanship, practical and ornamental. They were ambitious as to quality, but modest as to size—no "piece" being larger than twelve by fifteen inches. These I framed myself, being the son of a carpenter, making the frames out of butternut wood, and painting them artistically with lamp-black and oil. I enclosed the "specimens" thus framed in a box, to which I fitted a cover fastened with padlock and hinges, and ornamented with a handle not unlike the modern travelling bag.

Thus accoutred, I started from home on foot one bright spring morning. The first town of sufficient importance to attract my cupidity was about five miles distant. I arrived there in the afternoon, and made no delay in hanging up my specimens in the bar-room of the only hotel. At the same time I announced, in a written poster, that I was about to teach a class in penmanship in the town, *provided* a certain number of scholars could be obtained. I next prepared my subscription paper, and started on my tour of personal solicitation.

The first person I called upon was the principal doctor of the town, and its most influential citizen. He treated me with great courtesy, and in the course of conversation asked me if I had ever seen Dolbear's book on Penmanship—whereupon he handed me a small octavo volume filled with engraved copies and printed instructions, as to writing, pen making, and the general business in which I was engaged. These were the first engraved copies I had ever seen, and they filled me with wonder and despair. I discovered, all at once, that I could neither write nor teach writing, and instantly made up my mind to abandon my pretensions, and to go home and study. I inquired if the doctor would sell the book, paid him a dollar and a half for it, went back to the hotel, took down my specimens, packed them in their little box with a feeling of disgust and sorrow, and took up my tramp for home.

### GOES BACK AND STARTS ANEW.

For most of the summer I practiced writing, and during the next fall and winter, having acquired a little more courage—or brass—I perambulated about the towns of Central Ohio, a veritable itinerant writing master.

### EMBARKS IN A GRANDER ENTERPRISE.

In the fall of 1845, having driven my business to such successful issue as to be a half owner of two ponies and a buggy, I started, with a partner, for Kentucky. The buggy was loaded with our moderate baggage and framed "specimens," and our two selves—our plan being to get up writing classes on our way, and thus enter the "dark and bloody ground" with a "pocket full of rocks."

### PIKETON, PIKE COUNTY, MR. PIKE AND "THE PIKETONIAN."

The first halting place we struck was Piketon, the county town of Pike County, Ohio. I remember it as a brisk town of some thousand or more inhabitants, lying along the east bank of the Scioto River. It had one newspaper—or, if more, I do not remember the other—a weekly, published by a queer fish named Pike. Of course, to be consistent, the paper was called



Er. C. Jacobs



"*The Philonian*," and as the town was situated on the turnpike, and the river abounded in pike, there are some external reasons why I can call the place to mind. The chief reasons, however, are internal and essential, as they work an important era in my life. The first newspaper office I ever smelled was that of the *Philonian*; the first movable type I ever saw made up the solid columns of this sheet; my first newspaper "pull" (not the last) was composed of this very type; and the first "composition" from my pen that ever appeared in print, appeared in this paper. The subject of my first composition was "The Soliloquy of a Bashful" / was the hachelo, of course, but what the soliloquy was about, I have not now the slightest idea. The friendship thus established between Sam Pike and myself lasted through his life, as it will last through mine. He was one of the most ubiquitous editors that this country ever saw, and his passion for starting fresh newspapers (always democratic), amounted to a mania. He even counted it among his chief honors, and paraded the list of rivals and defeat journals, as an Indiana chief does the scalps of his enemies, as at once an ornament and an indication of courage and skill. A year later, when Pike pulled up his tent stakes and removed to Mayville, Kentucky, where he established the *Kentucky Flag*, some inquisitive editor inquired, "Who is this Sam Pike? who is he from?" "Prenice, of the *Louisville Journal*," responded, "He is from everywhere except Mayville, and he will soon be from there." "Confound the prediction, which did not long wait for its fulfillment. At Pike's solicitation, I was a frequent contributor to the *Flag*, often, like another Sisk, "dropping into poetry"—sometimes blank verse—very blank. To my editorial friend I had the promise of great things in me, and I resented it in an editorial manner, and to one of my "admirers," he predicted that I would soon "scale the topmost, towering height of Mount Parnassus." It was the first time I had ever heard of Mount Parnassus, and I had not the slightest idea what country it belonged to, nor what tackle would be necessary in order to "scale" it. As to the matter of my "admirers," there is, unfortunately, no room left for charitable surmises, far before me stands, in a frame, printed in bronze on black stain, a "Carrier's Address" of the *Kentucky Flag*, for the new year of 1848, presented to me, the successful author in competition, beginning thusly—

"Come, busy ye friends, and patrons draw near,  
While I greet you again with a 'Happy New Year.'"

And running on in this original manner through two or three stanzas, I kept it framed as a terrible warning, and so far it has proved effective. Whenever I feel myself struck with a wave of the divine afflatus, I have only to glance at my framed poem, and repeat the above couplet. The cure is instantaneous.

#### PAINTS, PORTRAITS, AND TEACHERS SINGING SCHOOLS (?)

My career as a teacher of writing and things in Kentucky, extending from December, 1845, to December, 1847, cannot be set down here. I only say that, in the highest sense, it was the highest success, successful. But I found plenty of good friends and full employment for all my varied accomplishments. If I was not teaching writing, I was painting portraits and teaching singing school (?) I have emphasized these callings, and marked them with an interrobang (!?), purposely, for I am quite sure that those persons of whom I borrow money, and who may chance to read this history, will see propriety in this distinction. The peculiar designation of my musical efforts will also be observed, for it must be acknowledged that I taught much more "singing school" than singing. I am only noting from my claims to a portrait painter. As an artist—in art—I feel that I stand alone; and none of my pictures did the same. No one who ever got a good strong view of one of my life-size portraits ever questioned who the artist might be. There was always much more about the subject. I remember painting a portrait of old Dr. Hinde, of Moorefield, Nicholas County, so like life, that the cob pipe in his mouth could be recognized at a distance of ten paces! Almost the first remark ever made on seeing it was, "How natural that cob pipe does look!" And it did look natural.

#### GOING TO MARTIN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

While in Kentucky, I corresponded with a young man in Cincinnati, who was attending Bartlett's Commercial College. He showed the

letter to Mr. Bartlett, and it was the occasion of my connection with that pioneer institution as a permanent teacher of writing. I began teaching for Mr. Bartlett on the first of January, 1848; at that time there were not ten Commercial or Business Colleges in the country. Among those under this general designation were Gundry & Bacon's Mercantile College of Cincinnati, Jones' Commercial College of St. Louis, Duff's Merchant's College of Pittsburgh, and Comer's Commercial College of Boston and London. Besides the Bartlett chief competitors, Bacon had been a teacher of book-keeping for Bartlett, and Gundry, a pupil of P. R. Spencer, had been an itinerant writing master, and a student of law. The competition was a very violent and personal one, and often disposed itself through the columns of the daily papers in the most scurrilous and vituperative manner. The teachers of the two colleges were expected to participate in the rancor of the competition; but these expectations were not realized.

#### ADMIRATION FOR GUNDRY.

I had an unaffected admiration for Gundry's penmanship, or rather for his method of teaching. I had never before seen writing taught from the blackboard, and I would frequently find an old student of mine, who had been in the first class, telling me that he was in the midst of one of his illustrative lectures. Gundry was an intelligent man, well versed in commercial law and in some of the leading principles of political economy. He was, in fact, the first man to make the study of commercial law part of a business course.

That he was a very lay man—constitutionally so—and his school and surroundings bore the impress of it. He was lymphatic to a painful degree, and the efforts he used to make under the instruction of that noted gymnast, Fort Barrett, to overcome his tendency to inertia, were regular studies in mental physical warfare, wherein the physical usually came out ahead. But he could play checkers from morning to night, and his favorite attitude was a half reclining position in an easy chair, with a checker board before him. Gundry and Bacon separated in 1849 or 1850, and Gundry continued to teach in the city of Cincinnati until 1853, when, until called to another sphere some two years since. Bacoed in Madison, Wisconsin, many years ago.

#### BARTLETT THE FATHER OF THE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

Bartlett, whom I always revered as the father of the modern Commercial College, was a genius in his way, and well deserves more than a passing notice at my hands. When I first knew him he must have been about twenty-five years of age or two years younger. He was small in stature, with a spare figure, a small head, bright piercing blue eyes, and a sharp speaking voice. His movements were nervous and eccentric, and his good humor was perennial and contagious. A more hopeful man never lived. I did not know him until before David Copperfield was written, there would have been a few extra touches given to the portraiture of Wilkins Micawber.

I thought Bartlett the greatest man living—in his line, and had not the shadow of a doubt that if "Old Tom" would deign to put his small Secretary of the Treasury, the financial success of the country would be assured. Bartlett's method of running a commercial college was quite different from the modern method. He was the father of the "life tuition" plan, for which no modern teacher thanks him. There was, however, an excuse for that device which will now exist. The commercial colleges of those days were composed almost entirely of young men who were in their own masters. A large share of them were in business, and took such odd hours as they could snatch from their daily employment to post themselves in book-keeping, writing, and arithmetic. They came when they pleased, and went when they pleased, and did as they pleased; and they generally pleased to study very hard when they had the chance. There was no classification, as under these circumstances, there could not be. Each student had a drop in the bucket to put his small quantity of paper and writing materials (text books were never used), and when he wanted to spend an hour or two at work, he would find a vacant place at some table, and go at it. When he wanted the help of a teacher he would rap on the table or give a sign, as one calls a waiter at a restaurant. Usually, once a day, the students

were invited to "lay aside their work" and face the blackboard, while the "boss" teacher gave an expository lecture on book-keeping or some subject in arithmetic.

In the schools where writing was specially taught, an hour or half an hour a day was given to instruction and practice in this art. Bartlett's strong point was in book-keeping, and that part of arithmetic covered by percentage, enhancing especially the "business" and "commercial" average. He was never happier or more effective than when he had before him fifty wide awake young men ready to catch his explanations "on the fly."

#### SAM PIKE VISITS THE COLLEGE.

At times he was not loath to have visitors introduced, and, knowing this, I took occasion to invite Sam Pike, on one of his trips to the city, to "come in and hear Bartlett lecture." We were to meet at the Pearl Street House, and march up in a procession of two. I had notified Mr. Bartlett of the proposed excursion, and suggested a certain topic upon which I knew he had some views, and he kindly consented. Mr. Pike, I discovered that he had meantime met some friends, and had arrived at the hilarious stage of "a good time." My first impulse was to declare the engagement "off," but no sooner did the great editor see me, than he took in the object of my call, and proposed to stand at once for the subject of the lecture. To divert his mind by a little walk, I took his arm, and we set out.

When we reached the corner of Fourth Street, I proposed to turn down for a promenade; but it was "no go." He had started out to hear Bartlett, and hear Bartlett he would not! So I got him up the stairs as best I could, and by a little maneuvering, got him seated in the lecture room near the door, taking the next seat myself, to keep him company. Bartlett was in the midst of his lecture on "Closing the Ledger," and was very eloquent in his asseverations and reiterated "To or By Balance," and "To or By Profit and Loss." Pike listened a moment, being under the impression that he was at a political meeting—and endeavored to catch the drift of the argument. Then he turned to me and winked an awful wink, and just as Bartlett reached the climax of his speech, he rose to his feet, and looking the speaker in the face, exclaimed, "I deny it, sir, every word of it! Now, bring on your best!"

I don't know how I managed to get him out of the room, but I did it, and when I had seen him safely at his hotel, he thanked me, with tears in his eyes, and offered me a full partnership in his business, and his lovely and accomplished daughter for a wife. I take some credit to myself for declining the kind offer, but I knew it was made in a moment of overweening gratitude, and I could not, with honor, take advantage of the circumstances. So I contented myself with his earnest assurance that I was "the only man on God's earth" to whom such an offer could be made. To say the truth, I didn't care so much for the partnership, but I was flattered by the offer of the daughter.

My memory of Bartlett's College is something by itself—too sacred, in some respects, for me to attempt to dissect it for other eyes and ears. If I have ever done anything in my chosen profession, I think it to be remembered. I feel it to have been in great measure due to my early association with R. M. Bartlett, who still, a vigorous man of seventy-five, holds his own among the expert accountants of the Queen City.

JAMES W. LUSK.

In the winter of '49 and '50, James W. Lusk came to Cincinnati to attend a course of medical lectures, and, while there, he came in contact with a new light, dawned upon my vision as to the art of teaching an art. As I desire to say something particular about this chief of the Spencerian lieutenants, I will save my breath for another start.

Sincerely yours,

S. S. PACKARD.

[We have taken the liberty to insert the headings as they appear, in Mr. Packard's communication.—EDITOR.]

S. S. Packard sails for Europe, June 9. Our subscribers will all wish him a happy voyage and a safe return.

#### Too Many Things.

There never was anything finer written or spoken than the following from the *Educational Weekly*. The system of cramming in the schools has ruined more of our youth, both physically and mentally, if not morally as well, than anything else. In the matter of education people seem to have lost their heads:

There is a tendency in our day to attempt the teaching of far too many things in our schools. There seems to be a general impression that with the constant enlargement of the province of knowledge, the curriculum of the schools should be enlarged to correspond. But there is a decided limit to possibilities in this direction. So much of the knowledge that has been given to the world of late years has been the result of the study of specialists, that it is folly for a general student to attempt to master a tithe of it. Much more absurd, then, it is to expect to teach this tithe or less in the common schools. The fact is, everything cannot be taught in the common schools, and more, it is not their mission to attempt it. Our schools should teach a few things thoroughly and well, and by so doing, arouse in the young a desire for more extended study. A few—a very few—subjects well understood, as far as the pupil has progressed in them, are far better than countless topics merely touched upon. Don't try to teach your pupils too much, but teach everything that you do teach with the utmost thoroughness. Your duty is not accomplished by simply informing the young mind on this or that topic; you are bound to endeavor to interest them in the acquisition of knowledge, to train and develop their faculties, so that future study will not only be profitable, but pleasant to them.

#### Writing Pens.

The Newark, N. J., *Business College Tri-Annual*, comes to us handsomely printed, and containing several very beautiful specimens of ornamental penmanship. Its reading matter, too, is of a good order. We copy respecting ancient writing implements:

It is well known that the ancients employed a certain reed for writing. The reeds were split and shaved to a point like our quills. When those quills came into use, or who first borrowed from the emblem of folly the instruments of wisdom, is not known.

It has been asserted that quills were used for writing as early as the fifth century, according to the history of Constantine. The oldest certain account is a passage of Isidore, who died 645 A. D., and who, among the instruments employed for writing, mentions reeds and feathers.

There exists, also, a poem on a pen, written in the same century, and to be found in the works of Adelme, the first Saxon who wrote in Latin. Aleuin, the friend and teacher of Charlemagne, mentions writing pens in the eighth century. After this, penmanship, which had put the question of their use beyond dispute.

Malblanc saw a manuscript gospel of the ninth century, in which the evangelists were represented with pens in their hands.

#### Complains.

A correspondent in a country town in Pennsylvania, writes:

"I have a desire to become a school teacher, and to gain an education. But the school law in this county is such that no college and normal school combined. We all three in together and hired Professor William Steel, teacher of penmanship, for a month, but as soon as his time was up, he 'cut us out.'"

Whilst this discontented professor is browsing about in pastures new and green, why not "throw in" again, and get another word? It is a relief to know that Mr. Steel did not steal away till his time was up. We hold him up as a model writing teacher. He performed his part of the contract, and did his work well, no doubt.



## The Pen.

NETOS.

*"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."*

The quill, "borrowed from the emblem of folly to become the instrument of wisdom," and its younger brother, the modern steel pen, have been and still are the principal agents in forwarding the civilization of the world. In speaking of the pen, I use the word as the symbol of what results from its use—the book, the magazine, the newspaper and the letter.

"When in the depths of some Asiatic forest, shadowy with the green fans and sword blades of the palm tribe, and the giant fronds of the purple streaked banana, a sinewy savage stood, one day long ago, etching with a thorn on some thick fleshed leaf, torn from the luxuriant shrub wood around him, rude images of the beasts he hunted or the arrows he shot—the first step was taken toward the making of a book."

In the above somewhat flowery language, an English writer of some note describes that important event in the history of the world. Countless have been the onward steps since then, and to-day a good book is the best witness of man's intelligence, as well as an honor to his mechanical skill.

Writing was first employed to record events of history. In savage times important events were commemorated by the planting of groves, the erection of altars, and similar rude devices, each of which told to the simple savage some tale of joy or sorrow. But the trees rotted and the altars crumbled to ruins, the men who planted or erected passed away, and their descendants wondered what was the signification of the relics.

The Peruvians and some other tribes recorded their history by the use of differently colored strings variously knotted. But the first great improvement to be noted in the manufacture of a book, is the method employed by the Egyptians. Important records were engraved on slabs of rock or cut into metal plates. The skins of various animals, smoothly tanned, served them for paper, and finally they used the bark of the papyrus, a reedy plant growing in the muddy waters of the Nile, from the name of which our word paper was derived. The skin of the papyrus was in layers, and could be torn off in strips as smooth and perfect as parchment.

Of course, as the material upon which the writing was inscribed varied, different instruments for writing had to be employed—the chisel and hammer, a cut reed, dipped in gum water, which was colored with powdered charcoal or the soot of resin, etc.—these rude instruments represented long ago the pen and ink of to-day. The Greeks and Romans also made use of wood, ivory or metal tablets, thinly coated with wax, upon which the writer scratched the characters representing his thoughts with a stylus, which was a bodkin of iron or bronze.

The quill pen came into use, according to the history of Constantius, in the fifth century, but the earliest certain account of its existence is found in a passage of Isidore, who died A. D. 636, where he mentions reeds and feathers among the instruments employed for writing. Adheim, who lived in the

seventh century, wrote a poem on the pen—it is written in Latin.

The steel pen is an invention of modern days, and although now in almost universal use, was, for a considerable time, unpopular with writers. This was owing, probably, to the fact that the first steel pens were poorly manufactured, and were much harder to write with than a quill.

The steel pen of to-day seems to have reached the highest state of perfection—from the finest to the stub pen which makes a mark an eighth of an inch broad, there is an assortment of styles and sizes from which the most fastidious can make a satisfactory selection. The chief advantages of the gold pen over one of steel, are that the ink does not corrode it, and it wears longer.

Geniuses of late years have invented various kinds of fountain pens, calculated to save time and labor of frequent dipping. The stylographic pen is the most ingenious of these fountain pens, holding in its handle enough ink for a day's writing. It is rather too expensive to come into general use.

Compared with the results accomplished by the pen—the spread and perpetuation of knowledge and learning, the building up and increasing of business between men in different localities, the execution of great reforms without the shedding of blood, the union in thought of friends far distant from each other, and numberless other blessings to mankind—how insignificant appear the results attained by the use of the sword—it is the contrast of mind and matter—of intelligence and brute force.

The conquests of Cæsar and Alexander bring no benefits to us of the nineteenth century; but the writings of Homer and Virgil still live to delight and instruct. William the Conqueror and Cromwell exist only as characters in history—the puppets of the historical showman—but Shakespeare lives in his writings, speaking to us daily through the mouths of his wonderful creations—his pen was the magic wand that made his name immortal. It was the pen of Washington that did far more good for this country than ever his sword accomplished—his pen left a series of addresses that might well be the political guide of this country.

In extent of power and permanency of effect, the writer has greatly the advantage over the orator. The latter may be a Demosthenes in eloquence—he may move his audience to tears or convulse them with laughter—he may incite them to deeds of blood and carnage, or calm their previously excited passions—but his influence is transitory, and once the sound of his voice ceases, the effect of his words begins to die away, and very likely it is lost forever.

The writer, on the other hand, addresses a much larger audience; he talks to each one individually at home, or wherever he may be; he argues calmly with him, and the next day and the next week his words are still there for perusal—and so he is much more likely to make a permanent impression.

The abuses of the pen by unprincipled men are great, but compared with the amount of good which is accomplished through its agency, they are as a little tugboat alongside of a huge ocean steamer.

Put not your pen to paper except it be for some honest and worthy motive, for what is written, is written, and stands against a man for ages—perhaps forever.

## The Night Air Superstition.

Before we can hope to fight consumption with any chance of success, we have to get rid of the night air superstition. Like the dread of cold water, raw fruit, etc., it is founded on mistrust of our instincts. It is probably the most prolific single cause of impaired health, even among the civilized nations of our enlightened age, though its absurdity rivals the grossest delusions of the witchcraft era. The subjection of holy reason to hearsays could hardly go further.

"Beware of the night wind; be sure and close your windows after dark!" In other words, beware of God's free air; be sure and infect your lungs with the stagnant, azotized, and offensive atmosphere of your bed room. In other words, beware of the rock spring; stick to sewerage. Is night air injurious? Is there a single tenable pretext for such an idea? Since the day of creation that air has been breathed with impunity by millions of different animals—tender, delicate creatures, some of them—fawns, lambs, and young birds. The moist night air of the tropical forests is breathed with impunity by our next relatives, the anthropoid apes—the same apes that soon perish with consumption in the close though generally well warmed atmosphere of our northern menageries. Thousands of soldiers, hunters, and lumbermen sleep every night in tents and open sheds without the least injurious consequences; men in the last stage of consumption have recovered by adopting a semi savage mode of life, and camping out doors in all but the stormiest nights. It is the draught you fear, or the contrast of temperature? Blacksmiths and railroad conductors seem to thrive under such influences. Draught? Have you never seen boys skating in the teeth of a snow storm at the rate of fifteen miles an hour? "They counteract the effect of the cold air by vigorous exercise." Is there no way of keeping warm? Does the north wind damage the fine lady sitting motionless in her sleigh, or the pilot and helmsman of a storm tossed vessel? It cannot be the inclemency of the open air, for, even in sweltering summer nights, the sweet south wind, blessed by all creatures that draw the breath of life, brings no relief to the victim of acrophobia. There is no doubt that families who have freed themselves from the curse of that superstition can live out and out healthier in the heart of a great city than its slaves on the airiest highland of the southern Apennines.—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

## Lady Experts.

Of the twelve or fifteen hundred persons employed in the bureau of engraving and printing, at Washington, a large majority are ladies, and the most difficult and responsible work performed in that department is allotted to lady experts. The greenbacks and other securities issued by the government, from the time the paper is manufactured until the finished note or bond is issued,

are subjected to a system of checking and registering at every step, so minute and precise, that the chance of any error or dishonesty in the handling of this most valuable product is reduced to a minimum. The blank paper is as carefully guarded as if it were already a circulating medium—for it will be remembered that if the peculiar description of paper upon which United States notes and bonds are printed could be readily obtained by outside parties, whether by purchase or theft, the work of the counterfeiter would be very greatly simplified and facilitated. The sheets, before being wet, are delivered to the plate printers, counted and charged to them, and again counted in the presence of a lady assistant, who certifies to the count. Attached to the presses by which the wetting is done, are registers which automatically count the sheets a third time as they pass through. Next comes the examining division, where, after the fourth count, the sheets are dried and counted a fifth time. Lady experts then examine the sheets; the defective ones are cancelled, and those which are pronounced perfect go into the hydraulic press. From this powerful machine they emerge in a smooth state and receive another dampening, after which they are ready for printing. A long series of manipulations is now in store for them—the black impression, the red seal, the numbering, the trimming and the separation, interspersed with drying, pressing, examining and counting at every stage. After all else is done, they are counted a last time by lady experts, who put them up in packages of one thousand each, and they are then ready for the uses of Wall Street and the nation at large.

The details of this momentous and complex business are interesting in themselves, but the point which we had specially in mind in calling attention to it, is the peculiar serviceableness of ladies in those parts of the work which require the keenest vigilance, most delicate perception and minutest accuracy. The gentler sex is ordinarily regarded as prone to an unsystematic, capricious manner of work—sometimes exhibiting brilliancy, but very seldom the steady, sure, prosaic method which in operations such as we have described is the one thing imperatively required. But it is demonstrated in the bureau of engraving and printing that in this particular of mechanical infallibility, or something very nearly approaching it, women are found more capable of meeting the demand than men. If they were not, we may be very sure they would not be there. And in the matter of skill and rapidity, as well as certainty, they are not wanting, if we may judge from the performance of one of the lady experts, who counts one thousand and notes in five minutes. To do this at all would tax the energies of most men, even if bred to the profession. To do it with such unflinching correctness as is demanded in this instance, requires such command of the faculties, mental and physical, which are brought into exercise in the work, as we have hitherto been apt to regard a peculiarly masculine endowment.

A good way to get rich!—become a good penman, then you can always command a flourishing capital.





NEW YORK, JUNE, 1881.

(Publication Office, 17 to 23 West Street.)

G. A. GASKELL, PROPRIETOR.

All letters should be addressed as follows:

G. A. GASKELL,

P. O. Box 1534,

New York City P. O.

By keeping this in mind much time will be saved.

Five hundred more subscribers have been added to our list the past four weeks; we just tip the scales at an even five hundred each time. Next month, five hundred more.

THE LAST CHANCE.—We mail this number to many of our personal friends, who ought to subscribe for it. We cannot afford to mail it to them *free*; if we could, it would certainly be a pleasure to us to do so. This is the last time they will see it, unless they subscribe, which we hope they will do at once, so as to receive all the numbers without a break.

#### Mr. Packard's Reminiscences.

When we engaged Mr. Packard to write for us a series of papers describing old time methods and men, we were confident they would prove interesting to our subscribers as well as of value to us. Mr. Packard has written freely and familiarly, not only of his own early experiences, but of others who, as founders of the modern commercial college, are most interesting subjects. As the author of the Bryant & Stratton Book-keeping Series, the leading text books of the kind in the world, as well as other works used in our best commercial schools, and as a live and progressive teacher, at the head of one of the most successful and useful of New York's numerous important institutions, he is widely known. He has arrived at that age where he can look back and point out to us the wonderful progress that has been made in the one matter of penmanship and education for business. This he does in so attractive a manner that not one of our many readers will fail to become interested in what he writes. His next paper will give his first impressions of such men as James W. Lusk, P. R. Spencer and John D. Williams.

On our boyhood nothing in the way of reading matter ever pleased us half so well as Mr. Packard's "squibs," personal and impersonal, respecting business education, his advice to country boys, and his more elaborate articles, such as for instance, as the preface to the old Bryant & Stratton Book-keeping. We read that over many times, and still think, as we thought then, that it is as fine a specimen of good forcible English as has ever been penned. The old book is gone, and the preface, too, may be lost with it, but the latter ought to live in some shape. As long as there are young men and boys in the world, that preface will be appreciated, and its author loved and honored.

#### Business Colleges.

The business colleges of this country and Canada have become a recognized necessity among the masses; they supply a want that no other class of schools has yet met or can meet.

There are in the United States some two hundred business colleges and commercial schools. Many of our best trained teachers are connected with them. Like all other things in this country, where each individual marks out his own course unrestricted, they range all the way from the very good to the very poor.

But the five business school is an advantage to the community where it is located. Its doors are always open to the youth at home and from abroad. It draws patronage to the town, and also gives to it an excellent class of young men, who grow up therein to become, in many cases, substantial, liberal business men; it imparts to all who prosecute the course with energy, a good preparation for the actual duties of life.

As long as there are so many sorts of business colleges, so many grades, they will be criticised more or less, as a class. It behooves every highminded business college man to assume for his school just what he can perform; he can afford to do no less, and he will certainly do no more. He will claim no impossibilities.

Business colleges have long needed a good class paper, of such a character as to command a large circulation. We don't know that there is any lack of fraternal feeling in the business colleges, but there is certainly a want of harmony and concerted action. *THE GAZETTE* don't aspire to meet this want. Though it circulates in all of these schools in this country and Canada, it has business enough of its own in its own field; but we hope some one who can conduct a good paper of that kind will come forward and supply the demand that we believe really exists for a journal devoted to *business education*. The monthly, published some ten years ago by H. B. Bryant, was perhaps as good a sheet as we have had; our business colleges, no doubt, felt its loss considerably when its visits ceased.

"I. N. H." of Detroit, Mich., a young lady writer of much promise, who has done good work as a contributor to several leading periodicals, will begin, in our next issue, a series of articles of interest to young ladies; to those, in particular, who have begun to depend a little upon themselves for support. From a personal acquaintance with the writer, we can promise our readers sensible advice as to how to carry through many things that young ladies are sometimes compelled to do. "Find out what you can do best; then do it cheerfully and well," is her motto, whether it be housework, keeping books in a store, or scribbling for the press.

LAD OVER.—An interesting paper from Professor W. P. Cooper, and another from Professor J. H. Warren, formerly of the Philadelphia business college, stand over till our next; also several spicy letters from our subscribers on "matters and things."

#### The Moss Engraving Company.

The attention of proprietors of schools and business men is invited to the card of the Moss Engraving Company, on our 8th page. This company will mail, prepaid, to every business college proprietor who will write them for it, a large proof catalogue of the different kinds and sizes of their plates, with their prices for each annexed. Their engraving is remarkable for its boldness and depth of line. The portrait and specimens of penmanship in this issue were done by them. Write for a catalogue, and say you saw their advertisement in this paper.

#### Our Penman President.

JULIET, ILL., May 1, 1881.

To the Editor of the Penman's Gazette:

Mr. Packard names James A. Garfield, among others, as being eligible for giving us many reminiscences of the old time writing school and writing masters. It is a source of pride and gratification to the fraternity to know that one of their number is at the head of this great nation, its chief executive. President Garfield is, undoubtedly, the best scholar, the most able statesman and the most energetic man occupying the office of chief magistrate. The introduction, and prompt passage by Congress, of what is known as the Burriss Educational Bill, together with the fact, that we have in him a president who will enforce the very letter of the law, ensure economy and honesty, is certainly one of the most hopeful of the many good signs of the times. It is matter of congratulation among all classes of people.

There is in his character many qualities that every reader of your valuable paper would do well to emulate. Wisdom, judgment, prudence and firmness are among these traits. There is in the industry that has marked his course a lesson for every young man. He has been persistent and self-possessed, and has conquered every obstacle to success. No young man could begin lower down or achieve a greater triumph over poverty and lowly birth. Even his opponents admit the sterling worth of so manly a man.

A short time ago I met one of his old pupils who had attended one of his first classes in penmanship. He remarked that no more thorough or painstaking teacher of writing ever lived. He did everything well, and with an earnestness that carried conviction with it. The result of his teaching was to make life-long friends of his pupils. I feel that Garfield, to-day, has a warm place in his heart for every true teacher of penmanship, and that he is as ready now as ever before to speak a good word for the profession to which he once belonged.

I shall read Mr. Packard's future contributions with increased interest; his experience has been varied and valuable.

Truly yours,  
I. RUSSELL.

#### The Compendium of Penmanship.

*The Wesleyan*, "published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada," in a recent issue says:

In penmanship, I am painting, the old masters may never be excelled. Few ministers to-day preserve our conference records in such fine style as that in which James Mann, more than eighty years ago, wrote down the "Minutes of several Conversations" between the few provincial ministers of the time. Yet in his handwriting every young man ought to strive to excel. When the foreman and compositor have to resolve themselves into a committee over some confounding manuscript, or when the country shopkeeper occupies the attention of the station master in the vain attempt to make out some city invoice, time, never more valuable than now, is easily wasted. One of the best writers we have seen—Mr. A. F. Buckley, of this city, has briefly explained to us the principles of Gaskell's system of penmanship. It is a system, and not a mere imitation. We advise our young friends to procure from Mr. Buckley "Gaskell's Compendium," mentioned in a circular which reached many of them last week.



A flourished bird and quill, received from George G. Stearns, Ironton, Ohio, are samples of the fine work done by him.

Another beautiful specimen comes from C. N. Crandle, of the Valparaiso, Ind., public schools.

A correspondent wants to know the present whereabouts of C. W. Rice, some time since at the Chicago Business College—Bryant & Stratton's.

A. W. Woods, of Quincy, Ill., is a penman of much skill. Photographs of two of his ornamental pieces have been received; the work is very good.

*The Penman's Art Journal* is growing better. It may seem odd, but it is true; even so good a thing as the *Journal* will be brushed up and improved. Competition does it.

Fred. B. Chandler, formerly of Salt Lake City, is now acting as secretary for the General Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 78 and 80 Broad St., this city. He is a fine business writer.

Seldon R. Hopkins, a well known accountant of this city, has begun the publication of a semi-monthly, *The Book-keeper*, which is rapidly gaining ground among the class for which it is designed.

Mr. F. B. Davis, until recently teacher of writing at Cady & Walworth's Business College, Union Square, this city, is now teaching large classes at Taftville and Jewett City, Conn. He is a very fine writer and deserves every vote.

L. Madarasz, the card writer, is using at present a very unique calling card; there are four different styles of corners on each card. His penmanship in the line of card work, etc., is steadily improving, and his cards the very best in the country.

Those wanting good ink should write to Fred. D. Alling, ink manufacturer, Rochester, N. Y., enclosing ten cents for specimen cards, showing writing done with the different inks of which he is the proprietor. This small charge barely covers the cost of postage and paper. Mr. Alling's inks are unsurpassed, and he is doing his best to accommodate every class of his customers.

FUNNY.—There is nothing funnier than some of the innocent (?) blunders made by printers in setting up from manuscript. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, relates that, being called upon while editor of the *Xenia Torchlight* to "notice" a certain commercial college of Columbus, he wrote in plain hand, "it is a well-versed institution." Through a strange perversion of the type, he was made to say, "it is a *hells-versed* institution." In the second paragraph of Mr. Packard's communication in this issue, he wrote very distinctly, "I give you full power to cut out such portions as may seem inconsistent," and thus save your space for *better padding*," but the inscrutable printer rendered the last two words "batter pudding."



### Off Hand Flourishing.

The *Teachers' Guide*, a wide awake educational monthly, has begun a series of papers on penmanship, which are interesting and valuable to a large class of readers. The following, taken from the February issue, evinces a good knowledge of the subject:

Ornamental penmanship is a distinct branch of pen art. While not of as great utility as practical writing, it is useful if not essential to the professional penman, and is universally admired by the lovers of fine pen work. Ornamental penmanship is regarded with awe by novices, but teachers well know that many of the flourishes, birds, scrolls, etc., dashed off in attractive style by the trained penman, are far easier of execution than plain, symmetrical penmanship. Ornamental penmanship opens a wide field for the cultivation of taste and skill. It materially aids in acquiring that masterly command of the hand and pen which produces in practical writing correctness of form, ease of execution, and beauty of finish. It also enables the teacher to display his practical writing to the best advantage, and will win laurels for him where plain penmanship would not. Many of our readers are much interested in penmanship, and it is for their benefit that we present this lesson in off hand flourishing.

#### MATERIALS AND IMPLEMENTS.

First secure good paper and ink. Unruled cap or foolscap paper will answer for practice, but fine white Bristol board should be used for elaborate work. The ink used should be black, and flow freely. Penmen generally use Japan ink mixed with Arnold's fluid, in proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter. This makes a very good permanent ink, though it is not all that could be desired. The pen should be fine pointed, elastic and durable. Always use a *straight* pen holder when executing ornamental penmanship. It should be rather shorter than those used for ordinary writing.

#### POSITION OF THE HAND AND PEN.

An eminent penman says: "Hold the pen between the first two fingers, or between the first finger and thumb, and press the thumb carefully on the lower part of the holder, just above the pen, where you can regulate the shading without difficulty. The small finger rests on the paper, when a rest is required, as it is when making very short lines and fine shading. The pen is now in position for horizontal lines only.

Keep the pen square on the paper, touching equally on each nib, and make every stroke *horizontally* from left to right, shifting the paper to suit the direction you wish the curves to take.

A good off hand penman keeps the working sheet separated from the others, and constantly shifts it about, but does *not* change the position of the pen, or the direction of the curves, unless they are continuous, as in the swan, parts of the bird, etc."

The whole arm movement is always employed in this kind of pen work. This motion gives great freedom and scope to the movements of the pen, and when once well mastered, it enables the penman to execute elaborate flourishes and bold capitals with surprising ease and rapidity.

### Volubility and Illegibility.

It has become the fashion among editors to couple Rufus Choate's hieroglyphics with Mr. Greeley's hand-writing; but the latter's was legibility itself in comparison. The great editor wrote a rapid, peculiar hand; yet his compositors found little difficulty in following it readily.

The *Youth's Companion* gives the following respecting Choate, written, no doubt, by that always entertaining writer, Hezekiah Butterworth:

The florid school of oratory never had a more brilliant representative than Rufus Choate. As a rhetorician he stood in the front rank, kept there until his death by the splendor of his imagination, his fervor, and his verbal opulence.

Hard headed judges and dry-as-dust lawyers did not think much of his legal attainments. But

clients did, especially if they were in danger of the extreme penalties of the law; and juries by their verdicts endorsed him as one of the most winning of advocates. His glittering eye, dramatic action, musical intonations and vehement passion, held them, as if encircled by a magician's spell.

There were, however, two classes in the community who did not admire Mr. Choate as an orator—the reporters and the compositors. No matter how expert a phonographer a reporter might be, his nimble pencil could not keep pace with the velocity of Mr. Choate's elocution.

Quoting from "Othello," he once in Faneuil Hall used the words, "O Iago! the pity of it, Iago!" Judge of the orator's surprise and the city's bewilderment, when they read in the next morning's paper, "O, I argue! the pity of it, I argue?" And yet the best phonographer in Boston reported that speech.

It is said that a Scotch printer left an Edinburgh office because he was baffled by Carlyle's manuscript, the most illegible of handwriting. Going to London, he found employment at a printer's. The first "copy" put into his hands was a manuscript of Carlyle's.

"What!" he exclaimed, "have you got that

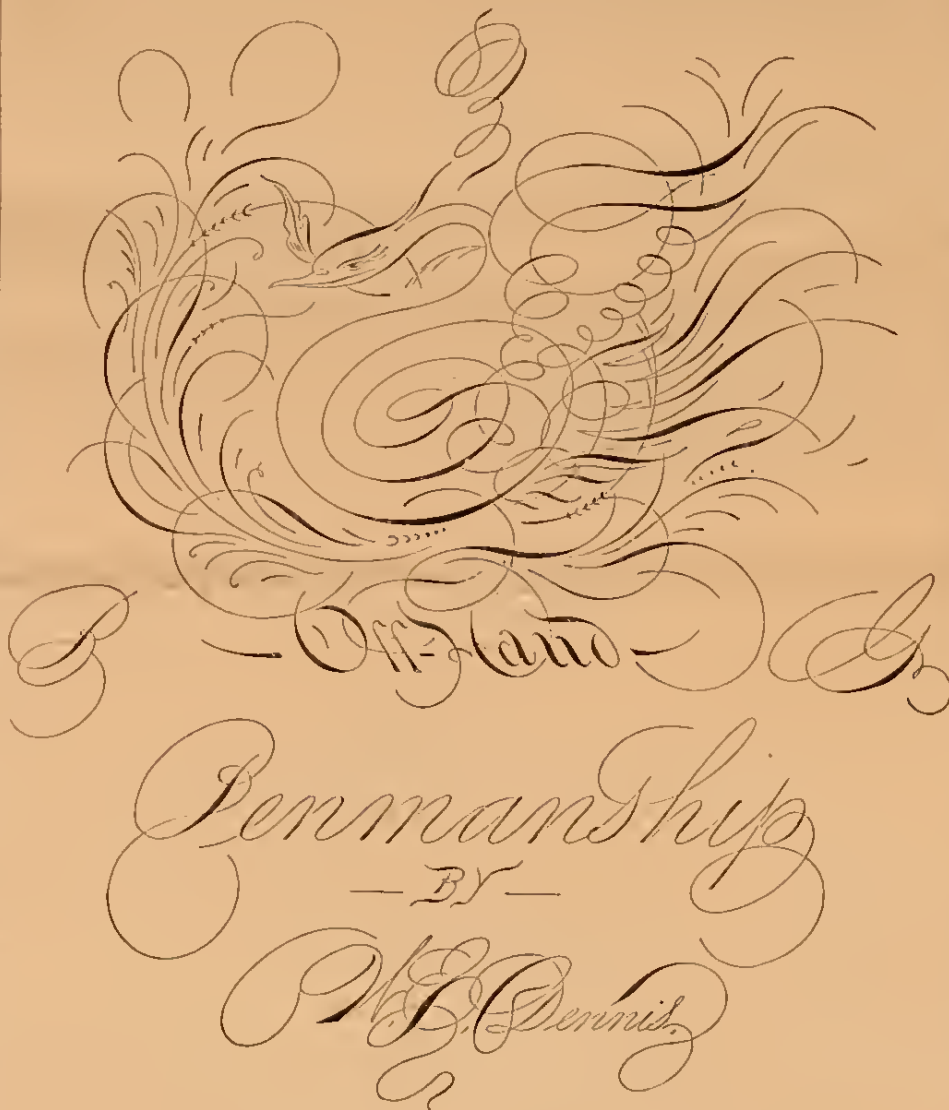
were busy in making a legible copy of the speech for the press.

Once upon a time, the Boston and Providence Railroad brought out a characteristic specimen of Mr. Choate's vehement eloquence. Like many corporations, before and since, that railroad desired a slice of Boston's sacred spot, the Common. The company went to the legislature for permission to commit the sacrilege, and a committee of that body met to consider their petition. Mr. Choate appeared in opposition. Drawing a beautiful picture of that oasis in the city, he said:

"Here, where the vernal breezes blow, you may now walk with your wives and children, and drink in all the charms of reawakening nature. But grant the prayer of the petitioners, gentlemen, and what will you have? The scream of locomotives, the rattle of trains, the whir of machinery—Stromboli, Vesuvius, Etna, Cotopaxi—hell itself, gentlemen!"

### A Popular Mistake.

The artist of the subjoined drawing has inadvertently copied a popular error



Ornamental Flourishing and Writing, by W. E. DENNIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

man in London, too?" and seizing his hat and coat, rushed into the street.

Not a few Boston compositors have felt a similar impulse, as the foreman handed them a take of Mr. Choate's manuscript. Its marvellous illegibility once defied the deciphering power of an entire newspaper corps.

On a certain occasion Mr. Choate was expected to deliver a great speech. Public expectation was at fever heat. Knowing the failures of phonographers to report the rapid orator correctly, the editor of a Boston journal made arrangements with Mr. Choate to print the speech from his manuscript, and announced the fact.

The speech was delivered, and the manuscript sent immediately to the editor. But not a man in the editorial room, nor one of the printers, could make head or tail of the manuscript; and the excited public read in the next morning's paper an announcement of the inability, and that Mr. Choate's clerks

in position, to which we would call the attention of all of our lady readers, and gentlemen, too, for that matter. In writing, the hand should never turn over to one side, but should be held upright, and rest upon the nails of the two

last fingers. The correction of this mistake in pen holding is always followed by rapid improvement, both in ease and accuracy of execution.

Speaking of the art of writing, a writer in one of our ex-

changes says:

"So important was this invention deemed among human arts by those who lived in times nearer to its first accomplishment, and before the wonder of its extraordinary powers was blunted by long possession and common use,

that its invention was invariably attributed to divine inspiration.

There has been much speculation (and to little purpose) as to what nation or people the invention of letters belongs, and the date of their origin. The honor has been claimed by all the ancient nations, and their claims may be said to be about equally balanced."

The ancient systems of writing (the hieroglyphical) had, at least, three different sources. "Appleton's Cyclopaedia" gives the Egyptians, Assyrians and the Chinese, equal credit. The art of expressing the art through the alphabet originated with the Phœnicians, and not with any other class of people.

### A Result of Bad Spelling.

Mary E. Bryan, the well known Southern authoress, writes in the *Sunny South*, of which she is one of the editors:

It is recorded of the Lady Sarah Lennox, who came well nigh being Queen of Great Britain, and who did become the mother of the heroic Napiers, that even while her beauty and grace were stirring the heart of the young king, her spelling was bad and her punctuation worse. On the other hand, her successful rival, the plain little princess of Mecklenburg, who required age "to work off the bloom of her ugliness," wrote a beautiful letter—not half so sensible or piquant as Lady Sarah could have written—but perfectly correct, without a word misspelled or a comma omitted. It is said that this letter procured for her the honor of being Queen Consort. Can we doubt that the hard, stiff, precise mother of George made Lady Sarah's bad spelling the clenching argument to break off the match which she disapproved? It was quite in keeping with her character to imagine that a girl who could not spell, and would not pay attention to her stops, was unfit to be queen. Notwithstanding this defect in her composition, we cannot doubt that Lady Napier was a far more intellectual woman than Queen Charlotte, who expressed her appreciation of Fanny Burney, by offering her the position of waiting maid; and, as to the question of fortune in life, she can hardly have envied her rival the lot of being wife to a lunatic king, or her pride in being mother to "the first gentleman of Europe."

### A Young Nasby.

PADENARUM, OHIO, May 3, 1881.

To the Editor of the *Penman's Gazette*:

I hev bin reeding that articeckle from Packard. That Shall he tels about was a lusty hand at flourishin. If he kud make whailes and reptills and rinosserosses and elefants and so forth-with, he must hev bin a grater Barnum than Barnum hisself. But the laffingest part of it is whare Packard gets stuk for twentie-five cence, and it tike him fivetene or sixetene year to pa often the innormuse obligashun. I don't wante to rede any moar, it makes me sick, besidse, I am not straung. My granfather dide wonst in a fitt when he was a yunge man befour hez marriage with his neffey, and I enheritt a tengensy to that disorger. Bisness must be poorer up Neue Vorke waye than it ise down hear. Monie iz amasin tite, as tite as the bois at cleeshun; but I must dissembel, he semes to bee a onest sorte of a plowe boi, and fore that resine I furgiv him, as he is preparin for hevving; ef he gese their with thee deekins from this plase their will be *funn*. I hope to mete him their myself. Whenn I gett too maikie a rite gode rinosseruss ine goine to openn a riting skule, and not afour iff it taikes me al sumer. I wuddent think of kommencin the biznes withote a *thurure* nollige off the artt. Giv my luv to awl inkwiring frens.

WILLIAM SHAKESPERE SWALLOW.

Mi naime ingicaites thait I swaller awl thoes bige yarnes jest as eesy as a catt duse sope soods.

A man is known by—his penmanship (*excepting Whittaker*).

"S. S." Packard will travel by the "S. S." *Republic*—lots of interesting writing when he returns, for here are *four capital essays* (S's) to commence with.



INCORRECT POSITION OF HAND.





## CHANGING OCCUPATION.

"What is the very lowest price at which I can get a copy of 'Gasckle's Compendium of Laws and Penmanship'?"—W. O. H., Alpine, Ga.

"I do not wish to make a nuisance of myself, but I do want the advice of some one like yourself, who has had a great deal of experience in penmanship. I have been in the railroad business for the past eight years, and am getting a salary of \$500 per annum, which I do not consider very much, as long as that. Now, what I want to know is this: Can I, or not, do better, provided I give up this business, and place myself under a first-class teacher of penmanship and take a thorough teacher's course? I love penmanship and never get tired of it, provided I can have out of the question at present. I would prefer to make a specialty of penmanship, but of course would take up some other commercial branch, say book-keeping, as I understand that, and would pay particular attention to business correspondence, etc."

"If I were a single man I would have tried it long ago, as I am not, I prefer to have the advice of one who knows by long experience. I trust, therefore, that in consideration of the many letters I have written in reply to inquiries concerning the 'Compendium,' you will grant me a reply, giving your candid opinion on the subject."

"Promising not to trouble you any more with such long and uninteresting letters,  
I am, very respectfully yours,  
\* \* \*

\$5.50. Our advice is to remain where you are. Your salary in time will be advanced, no doubt. Eight years' experience in a business ought to be worth as much to you as a new occupation of which you as yet know nothing. "Let well enough alone."

## PEN HOLDING.

"I have some trouble in holding my pen correctly. My little finger, instead of folding under the hand with the other, projects so that my hand is supported entirely by that. If that makes any material difference, will you please let me know? Would the orthotypic pen holder remedy this?"—A. F. G., New Orleans, La.

"The little finger should 'fold under the hand' with the other, but it is immaterial whether the nails of both rest on the paper or not. We think, however, you can easily overcome this tendency. The orthotypic pen holder would be of service."

## CLUBS.

"If I should get up a club for you, would I have to send the whole fifteen names at one time to get the *Compendium of Forms*?"—B. C. R., Le Roy, Kans.

No; you may send the names along as you get them, and when the full number have been entered on our books we will forward the premium."

## F. K. BRYAN.

"Is the Bryant of the Columbus Business College any relation to the original Bryant of Bryant & Stratton?"—D. McE., Dayton, Ohio.

The principal of the commercial school at Columbus, Ohio, is E. K. Bryan, not Bryant."

## INDIA INK.

"Please let me know where I can get some India ink, as I want some very much."—GEORGE F. BROWN, Monticello, Platt Co., Illinois.

Write to Van Doren, Madarase, or Alling.

## THE BEST SCHOOL JOURNAL, ETC.

"1. Please give me the name of the best school journal of the United States. 2. What is the movement for making the small letters? 3. Who is the best penman in England? 4. Who is the best penman in the United States? 4. Is a good idea to use an oblique holder for ordinary writing?"—M. R. T. White, Pigeon, Mich.

We are acquainted with but few of the school journals. The *New York School Journal*, published by A. N. Kellogg, this city, is to our mind as good as any. 2. The combined movement. 3. We do not know; there are many in each country equally good. 4. Yes; the oblique is the best pen holder for elegant writing yet made, but great care should always be taken to so adjust the pen that the point will be on an exact line with the centre of the stick."

## PHONOGRAPHY.

"1. Do you think I can become a good writer from this style? 2. Will short hand spoil my writing? 3. Will it affect my spelling?"—S. S. S., Passaic, N. J.

Yes; you ought to make a first class writer. We do not know that short hand interferes much with "long hand," though the spelling is likely to become sadly demoralized."

## PEN HOLDER.

"I see by your paper that there is a pen holder for beginners, which is intended to form a correct habit of pen holding; also, an oblique pen holder for business men, which keeps the pen squarely on the points. If in reality they are what is claimed for them, I want the latter kind for my own use, and the other for my boy!"—J. E. FOX, Jr., North Attleboro, Mass.

The pen holders are just as represented. The oblique are now used by every penman of note in the United States. This is the best possible evidence that nothing in the pen holder line equals them."

## STEEL OR GOLD PENS.

"Is it best to use one kind of pen only, or is it well to use a gold pen if one likes it, and can write rapidly and well with it?"—MAUR J. M., Brooklyn.

If you can find a good steel pen that you like, and that is suited to your style of writing, it will be best to adopt it for use altogether. Don't make frequent changes of pens, or use a gold pen at all. There has been no such perfectly finished pens made as those recently put up for the use of good writers, and there is no excuse for any one to continue the use of those of inferior quality."

## THE FINGERS.

"Do you think it is absolutely necessary to hold the fingers straight? I know some beautiful writers that cramp their fingers. If I hold my fingers straight, I can't write at all!"—GEO. C. PARK, Brooklyn, E. D. N. Y.

The fingers should never be rigidly straight, but curved, naturally. Hold the pen as easily as possible; the main thing to keep in mind is, that the hand rests upon the nails of the last two fingers—not upon the side of the hand; and that the wrist must not touch the paper or table."

## THE MUSCULAR MOVEMENT AND SLOPING DESKS.

"Can I use the muscular movement when writing on a sloping writing desk? I cannot move my arm freely. Do you recommend this kind of a desk?"—L. H. N., Bridgeport, Conn.

Yes; unless the desk is sloped very much."

## NOT THE SAME.

"Is the penmanship in the new book, *Compendium of Forms*, the same as that in your *Compendium*?"—H. D. S., Canton, Mo.

No.

## ENTIRELY NEW.

"Please inform me whether the later work, Bryant & Stratton's, *Bookkeeping*, counting house edition, is the same as that dated 1867; or is it different in some respects?"—B. WOOD, Athens, Pa.

It is an entirely different work, on quite another plan."

## THE COMPENDIUM PENS.

"A party here tells us that the 'Compendium Steel Pens' were once the Spencerian, but have since been changed to Compendium pens?"—N. R., Little Rock, Ark.

Our "Compendium Steel Pens" have never been known as the Spencerian. They are an entirely different article."

## LEFT HANDED.

"I find that you give room in the *GAZETTE* for all to express their views, and ask for information. So, I thought I would write up my case and see what you thought of it. Am eighteen years old, and have a very strong desire to write well, like some of the penmanship you publish in the paper, but am left handed. I have tried holding the pen in the ordinary manner, but can't do anything well that way; the shades all come wrong, unless I use the oblique holder. Which position?"—D. S. BEHNE, Snyder, Ark.

You seem to make progress as it is. Hold the pen as seems easiest; and if the oblique pen holder improves your writing, why not use it altogether?

## IS THIRTY-FIVE TOO OLD?

"I wish to ask you whether, at thirty-five, it is possible for a man to change his handwriting? I am very much interested in good penmanship, and as my position here, of business correspondent, gives me almost constant work with the pen, it occurred to me that, by practicing evenings, say two hours each, for the next six months, I might greatly improve my handwriting. My great desire is to write rapidly and well—elegant, if possible—but with the utmost legibility. My principal trouble consists in having a sort of jerky motion of the arm. I do not use the fingers at all, except to hold the pen. I asked one of the Bryant & Stratton teachers in regard to it, and he said that writing by principles had nothing to do with it; that principles amounted to nothing in actual practice! I shall be greatly pleased to have a reply!"—S. H. Goshen, Ind.

Thirty-five is not too old to effect a change in your handwriting. What you seem to need most is the correcting of the forms of your letters, and a more deliberate movement in writing, so as to do away with the "jerky motion." Two hours' practice each day ought to work a decided change. Principles are of use in getting the forms of letters; they amount to but little in actual practice. Your movement is correct, with the exception named; by proper practice you should make a superior writer."

## MODERN PENMAN AND PENMANSHIP.

"Will you please inform me if there is a book published on modern penman and penmanship, and where it may be purchased?"—L. F. EDDY, Hammond, Mich.

The new book, "Compendium of Forms," published by Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., will, no doubt, serve your purpose. In addition to a full course in penmanship, the subject of conducting writing schools is fully discussed, and complete instructions given for each lesson; there are, also, portraits and sketches of the founders of our present systems of handwriting."

## WHITE INK.

"Is there such an article to be had of your advertisers as white ink, to be used with black paper? I have seen a good many specimens done with it."—W. O. H., Alpine, Ga.

Write to any one of our penmen advertisers.

## THE TEACHING LETTER.

"My object in writing you this letter is this: I am just starting out in life, and would like a little advice. Am very fond of penmanship, but am undecided whether to or not to follow that profession, providing I could make a good writer. What would you advise? Would it pay me financially?"—CHAS. A. C., Chicago.

A good handwriting always pays financially, but it is not necessary in every case to follow teaching penmanship, or card writing, or engraving, to get the money out of it. Our advice would be to retain your present situation, if you have a good one, as we judge you have, and keep up your improvement. It will be as well appreciated in a business house in a city like Chicago, as in a country writing school."

## Autographs.

A large number of persons have sent us, during the past month, specimens of their autographs, showing improvement in their handwriting from using our *Compendium of Penmanship*. Some of these signatures are very beautiful; while others are only ordinary, and a few positively bad. Most of these parties will write everything well except their names. A signature should be plain and neat, not cut up with flourishes. The following is a list of those who send the best:

- James C. McEwen, 44 East Twenty-third Street, New York.
- A. J. Beal, Ash Hill, Ma.
- \* Robert H. Tate, Wilmington, N. C.
- \* J. Luther Norton, Glenn's Valley, Marion Co., Ind.
- C. E. Jeffery, Great Falls, N. H.
- Fred. P. Miller, Hermitage, Pa.
- \* John Carrothers, Cassville, Harrison Co., Ohio.
- Gertie E. Jackson, New Albany, Ind.
- I. M. Saunders, Smith Grove, N. C.
- \* W. Robinson, Washago, Simcoe Co., Ont.
- \* A. G. Ward, Union Grove, Iowa.
- S. A. Way, Patterson's Store, N. C.
- \* W. H. Gibbs, Agricultural College, Miss.
- \* Marion M. Lask, Mansfield, Ohio.
- \* W. E. McGee, Chippewa, Ont.
- W. White, Crystal Springs, Miss.
- \* H. M. Cowper, Byng Inlet, Ont.
- Lewis E. Eldy, Hammond, Mich.
- \* A. W. Johnson, Huntsville, Tenn.
- Charles H. Kimmig, 935 Sargent Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- \* W. H. Jackson, Iowa City, Iowa.
- \* R. S. Beels, Nettie Carrier, Tenn.
- \* W. B. Brown, Charlotte, Tenn.
- Wm. J. F. Paris, Texas.
- \* J. D. Nevins, Kingston, Kansas.
- \* R. M. Peck, Ellsworth, Maine.
- \* A. L. Martin, West Lebanon, Ohio.
- \* J. M. Anderson, Dunbar, Ont.
- \* F. O. Frost, Marionville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.
- A. R. James, Charleston, Iowa.
- J. F. Holden, Sherrington, Mass.
- J. F. Davidson, Hamilton, N. Y.
- \* P. S. Metcalf, Manchester, N. Va.
- W. E. Poole, Middleton, Oregon.
- H. E. Fishback, Glenville, Gilmer Co., W. Va.
- \* A. L. McElwain, Double Springs, Miss.
- \* P. C. Outinger, Casey Branch, Tenn.
- \* J. G. Gilmore, Clark, Clarke Co., Alabama.
- R. L. Grooms, Canton.
- Michael Gange, Aurelius Station, N. Y.
- \* H. W. Hubbard, Middleton, Conn.
- \* H. H. Prichett, Louisa Co., Va.
- C. W. Johnson, Norwood, Mich.
- H. W. Earl, Ludlow, Vt.
- \* F. C. Gorton, New London, Conn.
- W. H. Jones, China, Maine.
- C. S. Jones, Decatur, Michigan.

\* We have marked with a star \* those sending such autographs as can be published. These are worthy of great praise; they are handsomely and clearly written.



## Punctuation.

A writer in the *Cleveland Leader* advocates a uniform system of punctuation, and gives the reasons for so great a diversity of methods :

There are several considerations bearing directly or indirectly upon this question :

1. The various methods arising from different principles of punctuation, which, from their nature, must ever remain irreconcilable. Prominent among these are the grammatical and those known as the oratorical—the open or long, and the close or short methods of punctuation. Great confusion results from the prevalence of these conflicting views ; but the oratorical principle and grammatical principle, being especially antagonistic, and existing in one system, become a most serious cause of diversity.

2. The existing rules and remarks, and the various modes of applying them by authors on punctuation. These are usually esteemed authoritative, and therefore exert great influence. There are discrepancies here quite vital in their effects, and many of the conflicting views prevailing are traceable to this source.

3. The supposed inferiority of punctuation, as compared with other elementary branches required in English composition. This impression is a prominent cause of indifference to a really important matter. The intimate relation of punctuation to the laws which govern the construction of language, renders it too essential a factor in literature to be thus lightly esteemed.

4. The harmony of authors in reference to several examples, questionable in practical punctuation. These examples, although sustained by the rules given, are deemed so objectionable as to be rejected by many intelligent men, and especially by those connected with the press. This also adds its quota to the confusion.

5. The rules given by authors pertinaciously adhered to by some writers, and applied only in part by others. Whether this diversity arises from defective rules, or from peculiarities of writers, the effect is fatal to uniformity.

6. The voluminous and sometimes intricate application of rules and remarks, involving slight shades of thought or modes of expression. Such nice distinctions are scarcely calculated to render the subject intelligible to all who should be familiar with it, but rather serve to confuse.

7. The dogmatic spirit exhibited by some intelligent men who entertain decided views on the subject. This spirit induces an antagonism fatal to uniformity, because manifested by those who differ widely in their views.

8. The prejudices resulting from education. These prejudices, acquired at institutions of learning or in the experiences of life, not only render many incapable of appreciating the value of improvements in punctuation, but incline them to resist any attempts at reformation.

9. The prevailing ignorance of many respecting punctuation. This ignorance is far from being confined to the uneducated in other branches. Numerous instances may be found in the halls of Congress, on the forum, on the bench, in the pulpit, and in the highest ranks of society.

10. The views of individuals is sometimes the result of momentary impressions, when specific cases of punctuation are presented. These impressions often assume the importance of well considered views, and when erroneous, are peculiarly calculated to produce confusion.

The above reasons why we are without a uniform system of punctuation, are but a few of the many that might be given ; but these are enough to indicate the character of the obstacles in the way of such a system.

In the treatment of the general subject of punctuation, as a matter of convenience, the terms "grammatical principle" and "oratorical principle" will be employed. The grammatical and rhetorical views of punctuation so closely harmonize as to require but the one term to express them. For the present, our attention will be confined to the first two causes of diversity.

## Card Writing.

JERSEY CITY, May 1, 1881.

To the Editor of the *Penman's Gazette* :

Mr. E. E. Crawford of Romeo, Mich., asks through you in the last issue, for information respecting card writing, the materials and imple-

ments necessary, etc., and as you ask some one of our card writers to "step forward" and enlighten him, and the many like him, I venture to do so.

In the first place, the person who attempts to write cards should have full command of his pen, and be able to write *rapidly*, that his work may be free from tremulous or ragged lines. The best card writers use the muscular or whole arm movement for the capitals, thereby making them smooth and sharp, not drawn out in school boy fashion, or "shaky," as a correspondent says in a previous issue. Strict attention is given to placing the name exactly where it ought to be, in the middle of the card, leaving the same length of blank space at each end. Some drop the name a little lower down than half way from the top. If the writing is ever so good, and the above be disregarded, the card will not look "balanced," and wouldn't pass criticism even among the boys.

Too much care cannot be taken in selecting good cards, pens and ink. The finer grades of cards "show up" the hair lines and shades to better advantage than the cheaper ones. They have generally a somewhat rough surface, and are much preferable on that account. The pen, after a shade on a smooth or "glazy" card, frequently takes up some of the sizing, and a thick line on the up stroke is the result. Elastic pens and the best black ink are of the utmost importance.

Ladies' cards are a little broader than gentlemen's, and the penmanship is smaller and more delicate in shade. The shading on the capitals should all occur on the main down stroke, and be of the same width as nearly as possible. If any other penman or card writer has further suggestions to make on this or any other subject that would prove interesting to the craft, I am sure the *GAZETTE* will find room for him.

Truly yours,

L. MADARASZ.

## Defective Copy Books.

The *Canadian School Magazine* reviews at some length a new series of copy books prepared by Beatty, and published by Adam, Miller & Co., of Toronto. We copy a portion, that our readers may see how outsiders judge a copy book system ; we take no part in the discussion. Mr. Beatty has long been considered not only one of the best penmen in the Dominion, but a teacher of first-class ability ; and opinions may differ in this, as in many another matter :

This series of copy books is professedly based upon that of Payson, Dutton & Scribner, but is in every respect vastly inferior to it. The late Mr. Hugh McKay, probably the best penman ever Canada produced, made systems of penmanship a special study, and he thus characterizes this series of copy books : "This system (Beatty's) is probably the worst series of copy books in use in Canada to-day (1878) ; it is made up of copies from several systems, and its eclectic character makes it impossible to reconcile the style of writing presented with the principles given."

In copy book No. 1, the writing is all done by tracing upon light red letters ; the attempt to cover the red letters with the tracing makes the child's efforts at writing anything but encouraging. All the letters are supposed to be taught in this book, but they are introduced without any apparent method ; for example, *w* precedes *u*, of which it is a modification ; *c*, which is made strongly like an *e*, comes before *o* ; the word "sir" is given, but two copies, afterwards (the books are not even pagged) *s* is taught, and in the page following that, the pupil is shown how to make *r* ! !

In good copy books exercises are given upon the letters after they have been taught, but in these *u*, *x*, *v*, *m*, *e*, *c*, *o*, and *n* are taught in consecutive copies without any intervening exercises.

In No. 2, exercises are supposed to be given upon all the letters taught in No. 1, but *v*, *w*, and *x* are omitted, and the letter *j* is written throughout without the dot.

In No. 4, the most important book of the series, as the majority of pupils leave school at this stage, *b*, *h*, *j*, *q*, *v*, *w*, *x* and *z* do not occur.

In No. 5, *f*, *i*, *x*, and *z* are left out.

In No. 6, *q* and *z* are not found.

In No. 7, *g*, *x*, and *z*, and in No. 8, *q* and *z* and their capitals are omitted.

No. 9 is still more defective, it does not contain *k*, *j* and *q*, and the capitals *R*, *U*, *X* and *Z*. *q*, *x* and *z* and the capitals *O*, *P*, *Q*, *R*, *U*, *X* and *Z* are not found in Nos. 10 and 11 ; why should *j* and *i* be made so near alike ?

No. 8 contains no fewer than four different styles of writing. In No. 9 we have one style of writing on the first page, and a totally different style in the following page. This is certainly a cheap way of compiling copy books, and one that would not commend itself to every publishing firm. They are made simply to sell—not to benefit the pupils using them. The shading of capital letters cannot be made if the directions for holding the pen are observed ; the heaviest part of the shading is on the horizontal stroke.

The commercial forms given in the more advanced books do not come in any order, nor are they all written in the same style of penmanship. The paper, too is unfit for copy books ; and the engraving is poorly done compared with that of other Canadian copy books available for schools.

## The Fable of the Smart Man.

There was once a very smart man, and he met a man who was not smart, and said to him : "See here, I am an awful smart man. I know everything and can do anything ; yet my pocket, my purse, and my stomach are a trinity of emptiness—three in one, and I'm the one ; while you, who are not smart, go clothed in purple and fine linen, and have your ribs regularly adiposed. Now tell me, why is this ?" And the man who was not smart answered and said that he did not know, but he supposed it must be because the market was overstocked with smart men.

## Rapid Penmanship.

Be energetic ; look and act with alacrity ; take an interest in your employer's success ; work as though the business was your own, and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance on your word and on your act. Be mindful ; have your mind on your business, because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in your work ; do not go about it in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

## Worth Remembering.

Words are things ; and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

BYRON.

A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 to each minute ; in an hour, 28,800 ; in a day of only five hours, 144,000 ; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men, newspaper writers, for instance, made 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark of 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

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*Political History* " "  
*Military History* " "  
*Naval History* " "  
*Glance at Our Foreign Trade,*  
*Complete History of each State and Territory,*  
*Population of States, Territories and Principal Cities of*  
*U. S. for 1870 and 1880,*  
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ONE LARGE, ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED QUARTO VOLUME,

Price, \$5.50,

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## COMMENDATIONS.

Its pages are so well stocked with useful knowledge, that few will hesitate to give it the second place, at least, among the volumes in daily use.—*Boston Daily Herald.*

One of the most useful books for reference, or study, recently issued, is undoubtedly "Gaskell's Compendium of Forms."—*Boston Courier.*

It contains a vast amount of valuable information.  
JOHN D. LONG, Gov. of Mass.

It surpasses any book of the kind I have ever seen ; is a complete library in itself.

NATH HEAD,  
Gov. of New Hampshire.

I have examined your "Gaskell's Compendium of Forms" with much interest and satisfaction ; while the book is of great value in families, the business man—in fact, everybody will derive profit by a perusal of its pages.

HON. JAMES A. WRESTON,  
Ex-Gov. of New Hampshire.

It supplies a much needed want, and will benefit all who consult its pages.

HON. MARCUS L. WARD,  
Ex-Gov. of New Jersey.

Contains very much valuable information,  
Hon. THEODORE F. RANDOLPH,  
New Jersey.

It meets a very aggressive sort of demand. The amount of valuable information it contains is simply bewildering.

S. S. PACKARD,  
Packard's Business College, New York.

It is one of the most useful books in my library. It contains a world of information carefully arranged, classified and indexed. The work is eminently practical, and cannot fail to be a valuable book of reference and instruction to students, and business and professional men.

It is full of good things.  
J. E. SOULE, Principal,  
Bryant & Stratton Business College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Is decidedly the best and only complete work of the kind  
W. H. SADLER, Principal,  
Bryant, Stratton & Sadler College, Baltimore, Md.

I have examined it carefully, and with great interest to myself. Would not part with it for ten times its cost. Should find its way into every home.

H. E. HUBBARD, Principal,  
Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, Boston.

Is superior to any similar work which has preceded it, being prepared upon a more liberal plan, and evincing more care and scholarship in its compilation. Those who possess it will be spared many cash disbursements, will avoid a world of awkwardness, and will grow wiser by having access to it.

W. A. DRAKE, Principal,  
Hillsdale (Mich.) College







# PENMAN'S GAZETTE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT 17 TO 23 ROSE ST.; SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

G. A. GASKELL, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1881.

VOL. III.—No. 5.

S. S. Packard.

WITH PORTRAIT.

Respecting his claims to distinction, or indeed to extended notice in a penman's paper, as a representative *penman*, Mr. Packard is very modest. The only penmanship he has, as yet, given to the world through the engraver may be found in a few of the pages of "WILLIAMS & PACKARD'S GEMS" and "PACKARD'S KEY TO BUSINESS TRAINING," a work prepared expressly for the use of commercial teachers. These specimens are reproduced in *fac-simile*, and show a plain, handsome, flowing style of handwriting, which, if not copied by other teachers, has been complimented very highly by our best business men. The Packard hand is a peculiar one. It is small and compact, and very legible—just such a style as will light up a compositor's phiz, and make a merchant proud of his book-keeper. It has character in it; and it tells its story so plainly that "he who runs may read."

Mr. Packard is widely known throughout the country as one of the original founders of the modern commercial college. He was born at Cumington, Mass., in 1826, but his family removed to the West soon afterward. He grew up with such advantages as country boys of that day enjoyed—the district school and academy, the writing school, and the old time commercial college. He taught penmanship; became a teacher in Bartlett's Commercial College of Cincinnati; afterward conducted an educational monthly and taught school for two years, at Adrian, Mich.; went from there to Lockport, N. Y., where he was connected with the Union school of that city another two years; established a newspaper at Tonawanda, N. Y., and finally identified himself with Bryant & Stratton in establishing their chain of business colleges. He was one of the first principals of the Buffalo school, and established the Albany and Chicago "links." He removed to New York City in 1858, and established the institution of which he is now the head. He is the author of the "Bryant & Stratton Book-keeping" series, and "Packard's Complete Course"—works that need no introduction from us. The sale of these books has been enormous, and they are the recognized authority on this branch of education in nearly every commercial school and college in this country and Canada, and by our leading business men. He also edited, in New York City, a commercial magazine, entitled "The American Merchant," which was published by Bryant & Stratton, and was the editor and publisher of Packard's Monthly, a

vigorous publication, which will long live in the memory of its readers as a unique contribution to journalism.

Mr. Packard is now fifty-five years old. For twenty-three years he has conducted the New York Business College. No commercial teacher has done more to advance the cause of business education, by the introduction of the best facilities and improvements in his school, and by co-operation with others in securing the same advantages for them; and it is to him that many of our present methods are due.

there was no lack of "professional itinerants" in most parts of the country; that there was, in fact, hardly a school district in any of the Northern States that could not boast of at least one writing school and one singing school during the winter season; but both writing school and singing school were projected on the short course plan, covering from ten to fifteen lessons, and each successive "professor" was sure to have a style and method differing from those

tate as nearly as possible—the nearer he came to the copy, the nearer he approached perfection. It may be that before this period, some aggressive pioneer had chalked out on the blackboard the path which future teachers of the "art preservative" were to follow—and that even before Spencer's day, the analytic method of teaching form and motion was in practice. I only know that it had never penetrated "our parts," and that if I had been told that writing could be taught from the blackboard alone, or that one could *teach* writing well without being able to *write* well, I should have waited a few hours to consider the matter before accepting the statement.

#### GUNDRY'S METHOD.

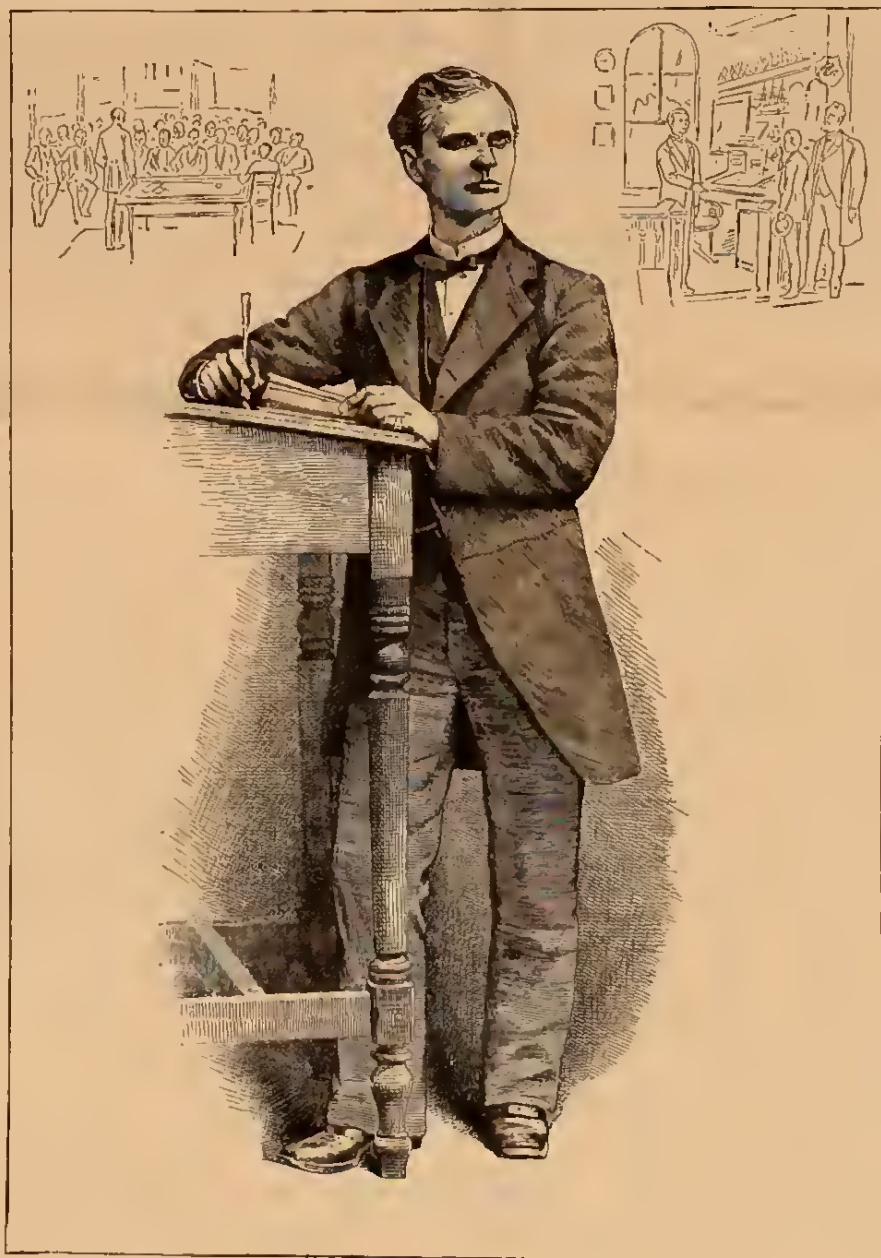
But when I saw Gundry's marks and heard his remarks, a new light dawned upon me; for though greatly inferior to the practiced Spencerian teachers of to-day in blackboard delineations, he was able to present the groundwork of the system he taught, and to give his pupils something to think about as they worked. I soon saw that if I was to hold the respect and confidence of my pupils, I must either do perfect writing myself, and have them imitate it, or *suggest* an ideal perfection, and hold them toward its realization. Of course, the latter alternative was not only the safer one, but, in view of continuous work, the only one to follow.

#### ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP.

In my rubbing against itinerant writing masters, I had picked up more or less of different styles of "Ornamental Penmanship;" and owing to the great darkness that overspread the earth, as to what constituted ornamental penmanship, I was permitted to put on a good many "frills," and to pose as in some sense a superior "artist" in this line. I had some idea of the form and proportion of letters—could make a tolerable "fist" at German Text and Old English, and had acquired one style—and a very poor style—of ornamental flourishing; and as no other artist happened along who could lay me in the shade, I was quite content with my small achievements; and particularly so, as my employer thought me a genius, and did not hesitate to brag on my work.

#### IMITATING HANDWRITING.

If I excelled in anything it was in imitating people's writing. I dislike to think what the consequences might have been had serious temptation overcome me to carry this accomplishment to the practical end so successfully practiced in these days. I contented myself, how-



S. S. PACKARD.

No. 3.

#### Writing and Writing Masters of the Olden Time.

To the Editor of the Penman's Gazette.

SIR: I have said that at the time of my connection with Bartlett's College, in 1848, there were few, if any, permanent writing schools in the country. Of course, it must be understood that I am simply following my own recollections, having no other data from which to draw my "reminiscences." I am aware that

of his predecessors; so that the principal business of every new session was to unlearn the teachings of the previous sessions.

#### VARIETY OF STYLES.

As to writing, there was no acknowledged standard of style as represented in the Spencerian models of the present time. Each teacher had a style of his own, and embodied its highest ideal qualities in the "copies" which he carefully wrote at the head of the page, and which it was the pupil's business to imi-



ever, with venting my proclivity on the harmless reproduction of the Declaration of Independence, and imitating the signatures thereto. I honestly believe that when I had my hand in that sort of work, I could have written the autographs of John Hancock and Stephen Hopkins with my eyes shut, so perfectly, that the spirits of these worthies, if called upon, would have rapped their approbation on my table. I think, with a little practice, I could even have beat Philip or any other man in producing the Garfield letter. But I discovered early in life that a reputation for this sort of work was not enviable, and I quietly let my laurels fade—not anticipating what I now know so well, that with the withdrawal of my trump card would disappear all my claims to be reckoned among ornamental penmen.

## KNAPP.

One day there happened along a gushing and pervasive individual from New York by the name of Knapp. He was gotten up regardless of consequences; wore patent leather boots, a diamond ring and breast-pin, and the latest wrinkle in tailors' goods. His looks were hyperian and ambrosial, and clustered about his brow and neck in a way to win a maiden's heart. He announced himself as an "author," and produced a copy of Knapp & Rightmeyer's "Penman's Paradise" in evidence thereof. I had never before seen a live author, and I looked upon this man with genuine awe. He accepted my deference with that dignified complaisance which only those who know their own worth can command, and was pleased to recognize in my work, just that quality of merit and of demerit which his own superior methods were born to direct and correct. He at once informed Mr. Bartlett that all I needed in order to stand at the head of my business were a few private lessons from him in offhand flourishing, and a copy of his book—all of which could be had for twenty-five dollars.

I am sorry to say that although I took the private lessons (three in number) and the book, I have not now the slightest idea of the merits of either. Possibly there are readers of the GAZETTE who have seen and own that book. My own recollection of it is, that its chief merit was in a certain unendingness of the flourished forms, and that they consisted mainly of simple and compound curves, intermingled in corkscrew circles and ovals, suitable for borders. There were also, as I now recall them, various designs of birds and animals, wrought out with the same inevitable unendingness, the skill consisting chiefly in not lifting the pen from the paper until the point of ending was deftly joined to the point of beginning. I was so impressed with the necessity of this rule in offhand work, that when, many years after, I witnessed Williams' graceful effects in flourishing, they failed to elicit my full admiration for their lack of continuity.

I noticed that Mr. Knapp did not essay, in my presence, any complete forms. He gave me what he styled the "elements," and assured me that when I became perfect in these, I would have no difficulty in producing exact copies of any of the engraved specimens in his book. As I never became perfect in

the elements, I never got beyond them.

## GOLDSMITH'S GEMS.

Before I had fully established my inability to shine as an ornamental penman, I was shown by a travelling agent a copy of "Goldsmith's Gems of Penmanship." This was a work of more pretensions than even Knapp & Rightmeyer's. It contained, as I now think of it, a system of plain writing, together with ornamental lettering and flourishing; but what most attracted me was the author's portrait, which constituted the frontispiece. It is now more than thirty years since I saw the book, but if I were an artist, I am sure I could reproduce the portrait to-day. I think it was the qualifying title, however, which arrested my attention, and caused me to fix the features so surely in mind, "Oliver Goldsmith, the American Penman." Here, at last, was the king of the writers; the man who had already reached the goal to which all ambitious eyes in my profession were turned! I wondered, in my innocence, how he was affected by his altitude, and if there could really be anything else on earth worth his craving. New York was, at that time, to me, *terra incognita, ultima thule*, and various other Latin things. To be able to live in the great American city, and to be the acknowledged "American Penman," formed a conjunction of beatitudes that staggered my powers of appreciation, and I remember indulging in the fond hope of some day being able to visit the great city and feasting my eyes upon its representative men.

## D. F. BROWN.

A few months after my experience with Knapp, we were honored with a call from Mr. D. F. Brown, a young man of gentlemanly address and modest pretensions. He was not only a creditable penman, but an engraver as well, and he produced some excellent lines both of writing and engraving. I was much struck with his criticisms on writing, and especially with his fine taste in lettering and shading.

I renewed his acquaintance in Brooklyn in 1853, where he had, at the time, the largest and most enthusiastic private writing class I had ever seen. Mr. Brown had the remarkable faculty of making his pupils believe in him, and I doubt if at that time there was a more effective or more popular teacher in the country. He informed me that he was at work on a specimen of ornamental writing to be displayed at the World's Fair the following year, and which he confidently expected would take the premium. His expectations were fully met in the production of his famous "Lord's Prayer" pen drawing, which, in many respects, is unexcelled to this day.

## JAMES W. LUSK.

And now I come to Lusk. It was in the winter of 1849-50, that I first saw him. He was, as I have said, a medical student, and had come to Cincinnati for a course of lectures at the Eclectic Medical College. He called on me shortly after his arrival in the city. He said he was a great lover of penmanship, and had made it a point to get into his possession all the good writing he could. He would even pick up scraps of my careless work and ask permission to add them to his collection. He

usually carried under his arm a portfolio, which contained not only scraps of writing, but abstracts of the lectures he was attending.

I at once saw that he was not only an admirer of good writing, but a most earnest student and a proficient. Among his gathered "specimens" were a large number from the pen of P. R. Spencer, and he informed me that he had been under Mr. Spencer's training. I doubt if at that time he had ever thought of teaching as a profession; and if Mr. Spencer's word is to be taken, he had shown but one quality which in any way pointed to the possibility of such a course of life; that quality was untiring, dogged persistency.

I have frequently heard Mr. Spencer say, that of all unpromising clodhoppers with a pen, James W. Lusk was the worst he ever encountered. And also, that of all earnest, painstaking, unremitting, enthusiastic workers, he took the lead. He would work for hours and days at a single letter or a single line. He would rise hours before breakfast and buckle down to his work while others were sleeping, and would reluctantly lay down his pen at night, in time to snatch the few hours of slumber that nature demanded. He had great vitality and endurance, and from boyhood up practiced the simplest habits of temperate living. At the time of my first acquaintance with Lusk he was probably about twenty-two years of age. He had not rounded out into that robust manhood which, in his maturer years, gave him such advantage in the class-room, and in his contact with men.

When I next saw him in the summer of 1852, he had reached his full stature, and impressed me as being about the best specimen of ripened manhood I had ever seen. His eye was clear and intelligent, his voice rich and impressive, and his entire manner that of an accomplished man of the world.

I was then teaching in the Lockport (N. Y.) Union School, having established therein a "Commercial Department." Lusk had been itinerating through Northern Ohio, sometimes in connection with Mr. Spencer and sometimes on his own hook, and he had at last discovered his calling. He was the same modest searcher after light I had found him in my first interview, and he had plenty of new specimens to show me.

## PROFESSOR HURLBUT.

In return, I called his attention to some particularly free writing from the pen of "Professor Hurlbut," an eccentric teacher of the town. His system—which seemed to be original with himself—had been dubbed "The Boston Long Wharf,"—why or by whom so dubbed I know not. It was remarkable for its lack of conventionality, and for the peculiar style of the capitals "J" and "I." These letters, under the more precise teaching of other professors, were a kind of terror to the pupil, from the difficulty of pointing the cap at the top, and twining it gracefully around the stem. It seems to have been the mission of Professor Hurlbut to remove this stumbling block out of the path of aspiring youth in the "long-wharf J," the model of which was probably taken from a bent whip-stock with drooping lash.

That the reader may appreciate this great boon to the world, I give here the letters as practiced by orthodox teachers before Professor Hurlbut's innovation and the innovation itself:

Old style standard

"Boston Long Wharf"

I will remember the effect on Lusk of this exhibition. He caught at it instantly—saw the practical beauty and advantage of the change, and acknowledged it with enthusiasm. His continued and fixed approval found expression in all his after teaching, and was finally crystallized in the revised Spencerian copies, published by Ivison & Phinney under Lusk's direction. I doubt if Professor Hurlbut's fame ever extended beyond the "City of Locks," but it is pleasant to remember of him that he had many ardent admirers, most of whom had been made good penmen through his instruction. His theory of teaching was to secure proper movement and leave form to take care of itself. His basis of movement was the letter J, and he always insisted that just as soon as that letter could be made properly, all other letters and forms would come into line; and the fact that lies greenest in my memory is, that some of the best business writers I have known were his pupils.

Of his more recent history I know nothing, but as he was an old man thirty years ago, the probabilities are that he has long since gone to his reward. In speaking of the "Writing Masters of the Old Time," as I have known them, I could not leave him out; and I am sure that the modern guild of penmen, who, with me, have luxuriated in the sweeping curves of the "long wharf" J, will not deem it amiss to stick down here a little peg of grateful recognition, and will join in a kindly remembrance of "Professor Hurlbut."

## LUSK'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Mr. Lusk was one of the few among the writing masters of the past, whose character and work is worthy of careful study, and I will therefore devote the rest of this paper to such thoughts and remembrances of him as I may be able to summon. The first thing to be said of him is, that his personal appearance was impressive. He was little, if any, under six feet in height, with a massive physique, a clear, speaking blue eye looking out from under projecting eyebrows, an attractive face altogether, and a voice of such quality that when he spoke everybody within hearing distance was inclined to listen. His whole presence—physique, action and voice—was such as to command immediate attention, whether from an individual or from an assembly. And then his manner was so self-poised and impressive, that whatever he chose to do or say seemed to possess a significance and force, quite different from the words and actions of other men. He had, too, a remarkable faculty of individualizing, so that no matter how large was the class before him, every person was apt to feel himself singled out as the particular object of attention.



## MANNER.

Nothing which he did or said seemed unimportant, but on the other hand the smallest suggestion seemed charged with the very issues of life. In scrutinizing the work of a class under instruction he would select some common error, and going to the blackboard, would demand instant attention; and then with a look of painful solicitude, almost of incredulity, and a voice of great solemnity, would say: "You would hardly believe it, but after all I have said, there is one boy in this class who makes the last part of the letter 'd' in this way, (producing on the board the common error,) instead of this way, which he knows to be correct. I wouldn't like to expose this young man, but I shall have to do it, if he is not more careful."

The natural result, of course, would be that the great majority of the class having made the error, each person felt himself particularly watched, and would be likely to watch himself thereafter. In fact, as I now think of it, I can imagine no severer punishment for a modest or nervous student, than to be held up by Lusk as an example of badness. There was such an unknown quantity of condemnation in his quiet sarcasm. He reminded me of the school examiner who inquired in such a portentous manner of a boy, "Who made the world?" that the frightened little chap could only exclaim: "I did, sir; but I won't do it again!"

When Lusk paraded sins of commission or omission, upon the black-board or otherwise, no aggressor dared deny the impeachment, and none failed to promise—to himself at least—to do better for all his future life. But there was no kinder or more encouraging teacher than he, and no matter how badly a pupil did, or how much he despised his work, Lusk could always find something to commend and a strong basis for hope, if not enthusiasm. Sometimes he would exhibit his own first efforts, and would recount the almost hopeless struggles he had to encounter. He had a wonderful faculty of getting a pupil's confidence, and of knowing what was passing in his mind. He would ascertain the likes and dislikes of young men who came in his way, and manage in some way to serve them when they were least expecting it; so that he seemed, in some important sense, to be mixed up with their happiest and holiest thoughts and inspirations. He was a good judge of character and fitness, and frequently had it in his power to put a young man in a good place. In short, no worthy pupil ever failed to get from Lusk a full recognition of his best points, and all such learned inevitably to look upon him as a sure reliance in case of trouble or of doubt. His contact with professional friends was, in the largest sense, generous and appreciative; and withal he had a profitable faculty of getting quite as much as he gave in the way of suggestions. It was not an unusual thing for one to remember after a professional chat with Lusk, that somehow he had made an unnecessary display of his wares—had, in short, laid open the secret recesses of his thoughts, and yielded up the key to even his half-formed wishes and plans. It seemed so natural to tell this candid, earnest, sympathizing soul

all you knew, and all you hoped to do in this life.

## NOT A PEN ARTIST.

Lusk was in no sense a pen artist, and he had the judgment and discretion to recognize the fact. He admired ornamental work, and would have been glad if nature had endowed him with a gift to execute it. But nature had done nothing of the kind, and he did not quarrel with her for the slight. He gracefully yielded the palm in this respect to Williams and Tracy and the oncoming Lyman Spencer, while he stuck to his specialty of plain, strong, practical writing. His trained muscles were as exact and unswerving in their movement as the piston of a Corliss engine; and whether he handled a crayon, a good steel pen, a stub of a quill, or the burnt end of a match, he never made a false movement or a weak letter. A favorite *coup* of his was to walk up behind a student at work, and bending over him seize his pen, and write a word or two of the copy. And he did it with such ease and certainty, and such evidence of reserved power, that no lingering doubt rested in the pupil's mind that the king of writers was at his elbow.

Mr. Lusk was one of the original founders of the Bryant & Stratton chain of Business Colleges, having been a member of the old firm of "Bryant, Lusk & Stratton," who started the Cleveland institution in the spring of 1854. He did not remain long in that connection, however, but removed to Buffalo, where, for a year or so, he had charge of writing in the public schools; and upon publication of the Spencerian Copy Book, first by Phinney & Co., of Buffalo, and afterward by Ivison & Phinney, of New York, he became the active author and agent—having a one-fourth copyright interest—and remained in that relation until his death, in the fall of 1863.

## THE NAME "SPENCERIAN."

It was even at Mr. Lusk's suggestion that the name "Spencerian" was given to Mr. Spencer's system of writing; as it was also due to him, in a great measure, that the published copies were brought down to exact measurement as to form, spacing, etc. With all his reliance upon blackboard illustration, analysis and methodical instruction in classes, he had great confidence in the inspiring effect of a well written copy—and a fresh one at that—and hence, he never considered a teacher's work complete until a written copy was placed before each student. No teacher, whom I have ever known, did so much writing for and in presence of his pupils, and none was surer to produce a class of uniformly correct writers.

The world has known greater men than James W. Lusk, but few have lived who hold a greener spot in the memory of those who knew him for just what he was.

S. S. PACKARD.

## The Teacher and His Constituency.

BY CLIFF M. NICHOLS.

The public school teacher seems to move apart from men, in a little world by himself. All classes of professional men are isolated from their fellow citi-

zens, to a certain extent, but he, more than those of other guilds, seems to be kept at arm's length. Yet the work of no class of professionals is more practically important or more nearly affects the interests of the homes in the community or the general welfare of the State, than the work of the class of persons who teach in our public schools. Their very state of isolation forces them to act according to their own judgment and on their own responsibility. The attitude of the general public, strangely enough, is that of *quasi*-hostility, while in the very nature of the relation between the general public and the guild of teachers, it should be of hearty friendliness, co-operation and helpfulness. The average citizen is a critic of the public schools, if he prove to be no worse. He wields the sharp pointed pen as if he wished it were a tomahawk. There is frequent and abundant occasion for this. There are defects in the public school system and in its administration, for the simple, obvious reasons that the system itself is of human origin, and it must necessarily be applied by human means! The system is devised for the mass of young people in the community, and like all systems devised for the masses, is inflexible and inadequate to meet the necessities of youth in exceptional conditions. When the average citizen discovers that the system does not operate advantageously upon a certain peculiar child—whether his or some other person's—he at once decides that the whole system is wrong and must be abolished. The same is true of this average citizen when he discovers that a certain teacher, out of scores or hundreds, is incompetent or unfit, or that all teachers are in some respects faulty, as the conduct of the critic, in this instance, proves him to be. Hence the attitude of *quasi*-hostility on the part of the public toward the fraternity of teachers. Hence the isolation of teachers.

It must be admitted that the public school system is inflexible, as at present organized. It is true that there is more or less incompetence on the part of teachers. What then? Is not this true of all systems intended for general application and of all persons who attempt to administer them? Yet is not the system immensely better than nothing? Is it not indispensable? Can the keenest critic devise a substitute? We think not.

Let the general public understand, once for all, that we have no more intelligent, keen, bright, practical profession in the community than the fraternity of teachers! Is the system unadaptable to individual cases? No one ascertains the fact quite so soon as the teacher himself. And no one is quite so ready to apply an exceptional remedy to an exceptional case as the teacher whose very proximity gives him even a better opportunity than is enjoyed by the child's parent to discover a need of it. It is true, also, that teachers as a class, are rather better informed of their own defects than the persons who criticise them. The general public rants about them, but the average teacher mourns over them and tries to remedy them. Hence these conventions of teachers, with annual, semi-annual, or quarterly sessions. By whom are teachers as a class, or the system itself more severely criticised, than in the discus-

sions of these gatherings—or more intelligently or by more competent persons? The critic who drops into these conventions finds himself a child. His immense knowledge in the way of defects and failures in teaching proves to be ignorance itself.

The most important educational need of the times is that the teacher and his constituency should be brought together, face to face, and brought into friendly, harmonious relations. The teacher needs the co-operation and aid, not simply of the parent and guardian, but of the general public. If he does his work well, to the best possible advantage, he does not serve the parent alone, but the entire community. One good, intelligent, honest, faithful, devoted teacher does more for the community in which he lives and for society, than a whole police force can do. He does more for the protection of the citizen and of his property from molestation or outrage. One public school teacher who is faithful in discharging his professional obligations, is doing more for the country and its present and future welfare than a thousand professional politicians. Who does not know this? It follows, then, that the general public—the people of the community in mass—should be the fast friends and the earnest, industrious helpers of the fraternity of teachers. They should consult them—not *in*-sult them—associate with them, talk with them, ascertain their most pressing needs, and do what they can, individually and in a general way, to meet them.

We must give our people some credit for doing something in the way of school visitation, but they should do more of it; we must give them credit for kind feelings toward the schools, but it should find more frequent expression. The critic fires himself off and makes himself known, but the person who has no fault to find has nothing to say—and says it. We are well aware that the masses are proud of the public schools, but this pride and general interest are only manifested once a year, at commencements. These manifestations should be oftener made, to the encouragement and strengthening of the teacher, who has a right to criticise his critics for their shortcomings. Yet, with full justification and right, he is wiser than to do it. He usually suffers in silence and strives to attain a general state of personal and professional excellence that will place him beyond the reach of the critic's shafts. We may say that this is true of teachers as a class—not of all of them. There are persons in the profession who ought not to be in it. Teachers who are unfit for their work should be weeded out, and from year to year they leave the profession as their incompetency is discovered by superintendents, principals, and educational boards. But those who stand the test of service should not only be well paid in current coin of the country, but should receive that which is of even more value, the hearty esteem, the friendly social recognition and earnest practical co-operation of their fellow citizens. Under these conditions, would not all teachers reach higher and better results? Could not all do their work better in these favoring circumstances? Who doubts that they would? Let us encourage the good teacher.





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G. A. GASKELL, PROPRIETOR.

All letters should be addressed as follows:

G. A. GASKELL,

P. O. Box 1534,

New York City P. O.

By keeping this in mind much time will be saved.

#### Teachers' Examinations.

In most parts of the country an applicant for a teacher's certificate must pass an examination in penmanship—not only write a tolerably fair hand, but have some knowledge of the theory of writing. The following questions prepared by the Wisconsin State Board of Examiners, will not be severely criticised even by our best professional teachers; they are not exactly what might be given, but so much better than the most we see in that line, as to be appreciated by our readers. How many can answer all of them?

1. What constitutes the difference between good and bad penmanship?
2. Make, name, and describe the several elements, or principles, in the system of penmanship which you teach.
3. What organs and faculties require to be trained in order to successful work in penmanship?
4. What is the utility of analysis in learning to write?
5. At what period in school life should the study of systematic penmanship begin; and what preliminary training, if any, will facilitate the progress of a pupil?
6. Analyze each of the letters in the word readings.
7. Make all of the capital letters and classify them according to the principles employed.
8. Write five or more lines as a specimen of your best penmanship.

These examiners may or may not understand the subject of writing thoroughly; they may be acquainted possibly with every system published; but this is extremely doubtful. We venture to say that the candidate who follows the simplest analysis, and makes everything clear as he goes, will come off best, so far as writing is concerned. It is time, too, that the old foggy analysis was done away with; our leading teachers do not follow it, nor do others like it.

#### The Long Wharf J.

There is no doubt "Prof. Hurlbut" was the originator of the round top *I* and *J*. Lusk got hold of this style, and seeing the advantage of the simpler form, he adopted it, and to-day it is in general use. It may be remembered by many of our old teachers that there was formerly no distinction in form between the *I* and *J*. They were exactly alike, and, when standing alone, there was no way of telling with certainty which was meant.

In the German text and old English, the capitals *I* and *J* are also the same. If "Prof. Hurlbut" was the first to

make this change, he was a sensible teacher, and deserves well of posterity.

There is, no doubt, a selfish sort of satisfaction experienced by the writer, who confines himself *exclusively* to dead heroes. No one will be benefited by what he writes; no one will be harmed. The grass will still continue to grow, and the birds to sing over their graves, whatever we may say of them, be it praise or censure. Whilst we are anxious to read of the illustrious dead, we are equally well pleased with what pertains to the worker of to-day. Our hump of veneration is very big, but the heroes of the hour have the preference. We hope friends Packard, Cooper and Spencer will soon exhaust the stock of old-time writing masters, and give us something new.

#### Nye and Chaffee.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me what you think of Wm. B. Nye, of Columbia College, New York City, and W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y., both teachers of shorthand, as advertised in your GAZETTE? Chaffee advertises in Dr. T. Ames' Penman's Journal also, and is conductor of a school for book-keeping, writing, penmanship, etc., etc. Do you know anything of him, as to his qualifications as teacher, etc.? Is he A. No. 1? I wish to take up shorthand, and have received circulars and letters from each, but have not decided which I would prefer.

Your answer would be very acceptable, if not too much out of ask of you."—W. W. J., Rock City Falls, N. Y., a subscriber to your GAZETTE.

We think that either of these parties will give you entire satisfaction.

The editor of the *Book-keeper and Penman* compliments us as "the *irrespressible*," and says we are preparing for a vigorous summer campaign, being already in the saddle. He forgets that penmen's papers are an exception to most journalistic ventures—that the "vigorous summer campaign" is unnecessary. We are too conservative for that. Brother Ames is the man he means.

W. P. Cooper, of Ohio, one of the Spencerian pioneers of whom Mr. Packard writes, sends us, this month, a contribution for our columns. He has taken as his subject our new book, and although we might have preferred something different, we let him tell us what he thinks of it in his own way. As Mr. Cooper has written about it, we have asked the publishers, Messrs. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., to send us a copy of one of the plates of blackboard writing to publish also. This will be found on page 5. This and a match piece form pages 43 and 44 in the book. The other will be given in our next issue.

"THE BOOK-KEEPER."—The latest journalistic success is "The Book-keeper," published by Seldon R. Hopkins, 76 Chambers Street, New York. Accountants have long felt the want of a vigorous paper devoted to this specialty, and will patronize it liberally. Business colleges and other schools lose a good deal by not having this journal in their reading-rooms. Our friends will do well to write for a specimen copy. It is one of the handsomest papers we have seen, and up with the times in every respect.



J. F. Davis, of Altoona, Pa., is now publishing a monthly, devoted to "penmanship and book-keeping." It is bright and readable, and well worth the subscription price—one dollar a year.

Lyman P. Smith, teacher of writing in the public schools of Hartford, Conn., is one of the best writers on our list. He is preparing several sketches for us.

The *Penman's Art Journal* publishes this month good portraits of Henry C. and Harvey A. Spencer. This is a feature the *Journal* would do well to continue.

Robert C. Spencer is still alive, and prospering. Our next issue will contain a sketch from his pen of "Lord" George Bristol, an itinerant teacher, who taught in Buffalo in 1854. He also contributes a lengthy biographical sketch of Victor M. Rice, who was at one time associated with his father in the publication of the *Spencerian Copy Slips*.

H. Russell, C. T. Cragin, J. H. Warren, "I. N. H.," Paul Pastnor, S. S. Packard, and others, have articles in preparation.

"Grandfather Fritz" writes about some of the great living penmen. His sketch will soon go in.

M. J. Goldsmith, formerly of Pottsville, Pa., is now conducting the classes at Moore's Business College, Atlanta, Ga.

Packard's Reminiscences are now beginning to awaken considerable interest. We all want to know what Mr. Packard thinks of his contemporaries. He is a discriminating writer, but an honorable and liberal one. His pen portraits of Folsom, R. C. Spencer, Bryant, and others, will attract attention.

George H. Shattuck will soon give us some of his experiences with old time teachers.

#### Victor M. Rice.

Prominent among the old time writing masters was Victor M. Rice, afterwards Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York. Mr. Cooper has prepared a brief sketch of him, which will appear in our next issue.

#### Our Advertisers.

We are glad to know that our subscribers are now purchasing their inks of Fred. D. Alling, Rochester, N. Y., who advertises in the GAZETTE. We are using some of his inks in our schools, and are well pleased with them.

Penmen will do well to buy their card stock of the N. E. Card Co., Woonsocket, R. I. Their prices are very low, and they prepare postage on all cards sent through the mails.

Our readers will hardly fail to see and read the attractive new advertisement of Malabar, the card writer. Mr. M. is an extensive advertiser, and has thousands of orders and plenty of work. His cards are much superior to any engraved ones we have seen.

Young men and schools would do well to have Eaton & Burnett's "Manual of Commercial Law."

C. L. Van Doren, 822 Broadway, N. Y., has a fine stock of penmen's supplies.

Fairbanks, Palmer & Co. are now appointing agents for their new book, "Compendium of Forms," which is having a large sale. A good chance for active agents to do well.

Attention is invited to the card of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co. This house made for us last year one thousand two hundred and fifty gross of Gaskell's Compendium Steel Pens, the best steel pens for elegant business writing we have ever used. We have reason to believe their own styles are equally excellent for other classes of people.

REMEMBERS PACKARD.—Mr. Joe C. Knapp, of Browning, Schuyler County, Illinois, writes: "I see that S. S. Packard, of New York, is going to give a series of papers on teaching writing, and old-time writing masters of some thirty years ago. My father attended one of Mr. Packard's writing schools at Adrian, Mich.; Mr. Packard was then a young man, perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six."

Mr. Knapp, the pupil, could give us some "reminiscences" of his own that would be interesting. We shall hope to receive something from him respecting Packard's school at Adrian.



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George H. Shattuck will soon give us some of his experiences with old time teachers.

[For the Penman's Gazette.]

#### The Past and Present.

BY C. T. CRAGIN.

There was a time in the history of humanity when the ox cart was considered quite a rapid means of locomotion. Now, the impatient, restless Yankee thinks electricity rather too slow. In the world of business this change is more prominent than elsewhere.

The business man of our grandfathers' time bought his stock of goods, selected his clerks, got a comfortable arm chair for himself, and waited—for trade. The trader of to-day sits not down in the arm chair, nor does he wait long for business. He is up and about, and brings business in, even if he does it merely "for fun."

It requires a very different class of people to do business in these days from that of a hundred, or fifty, or even twenty years ago. Ancient methods must be discarded, and the young men readers of the GAZETTE, not less than others, must prepare for a life of successful effort, or waive all right of title therein to others more energetic. And one of the first requisites is a good, easy handwriting.

PROF. GASKELL, who has established such a reputation for himself, and his Compendium, warns the public against the Boston concern—Tracy & Co.—who advertise "Prof. Gaskell's compendium," which he claims is done to reap the benefit of his advertising. It looks very much as though Tracy & Co. had purposely adopted the name "Gaskell," to confuse persons who are not very familiar with the compendium. This is only another example of the mean principle which goes to make up this many named fraud.—*Agent: Herald, Philadelphia.*



[For the "Penman's Gazette."]

## A New Book.

BY W. P. COOPER.

I have just received and looked through a new book, Gaskell's "Compendium of Forms," educational, social, legal, and commercial. And what a book it is! How grand in its adornment! how solid and enduring in its binding!

Within its heavy, embellished covers, are five hundred pages of matter, closely printed, on the best of paper, in fine, but open print, every page illustrated by art, in the best manner, and containing knowledge, not for the young and unlettered alone, but for everybody, learned and unlearned, "peasant and king."

This new and unique work is not so much one book as it is many volumes in one. It holds in its illuminated pages half a library of practical, essential, and always useful knowledge.

## THE BOOK.

This rare book is, of course, to supply a want of the American people; not that this knowledge is nowhere else to be found, but surely nowhere is it so carefully indexed and so readily accessible at all times. There is no end to the books published, but, somehow, those who need many of them never get them. This book is what the million need, and must have, either in this or in some more expensive form, and less attractive shape.

Publishers generally understand the art of making better than the art of selling books, and yet the usual methods to reach sales they use and understand well enough. The publishers of this work seem to have hit the mark exactly, for they have made the book so handsome inside and out, that every one will buy it.

There is plenty of room and demand for a large number of such books; we can never have too many of them. By means of them our young people will become well informed by their reading alone.

We say it is also a new book. We do not mean wholly new in matter, but the handling of this matter is new. There is in these five hundred pages a condensation of over fifteen hundred pages, and still each subject is comprehensively treated.

It treats, first, of penmanship, next of orthography, of rhetorical figures, of composition; then of elocution, of oratory, of book-keeping, double and single entry. Then comes a dictionary of synonyms, copious and complete. Then we have letter writing. This covers all business on paper; everything is clearly explained and models given.

Again come the forms of commercial paper greatly simplified, those that will stand good in any suit at law. I have

never before seen legal commercial forms so taught; in this way anybody can copy, use, and understand them. Also in this order you will find the laws and forms of business, as in operation and use to-day, all made perfectly plain. Further on, we find no end to the subjects discussed. And these are what every young man and woman in this country are particularly interested in.

The value, as I said, of this book is mainly in this: The subject matter is not obscure, not hard to understand; it is presented in such a way as to make

kell would handle this art in his book. First of all, the illustrations and examples for practice were surely never more beautiful; still are they as completely fitted to purposes of instruction. The copy wordings are all short, appropriate, the right words in the right places, being at once simple, beautiful and practical. The rules and observations are very clear and concise, and stand out sharp and well-defined; the ideas give one an index to Mr. Gaskell's methods, which make us tolerably well acquainted with him.

millions in this country. The perfection of the parts, the fullness, the thorough unitizing of the beautiful and the useful, are qualities that will carry the book to the highest success, as publishers view it.

But, after all, no correct idea of this book could be had without, at least, an index to its matter. It is, furthermore, a volume for to-day and for all time. Laws and legal forms will change somewhat, no doubt, and so will much other matter herein contained; but in this work you have these as they now are.

A large sale of this book—North, South, East, and West—will greatly benefit the people. By following its hints they will gain time in the securing of "an education," and convert high civilization to better uses. If we consider the magnitude of the work the price is cheap. It is better to economize means, and in the end purchase this volume, than to waste four times as much on a half dozen imperfect books.

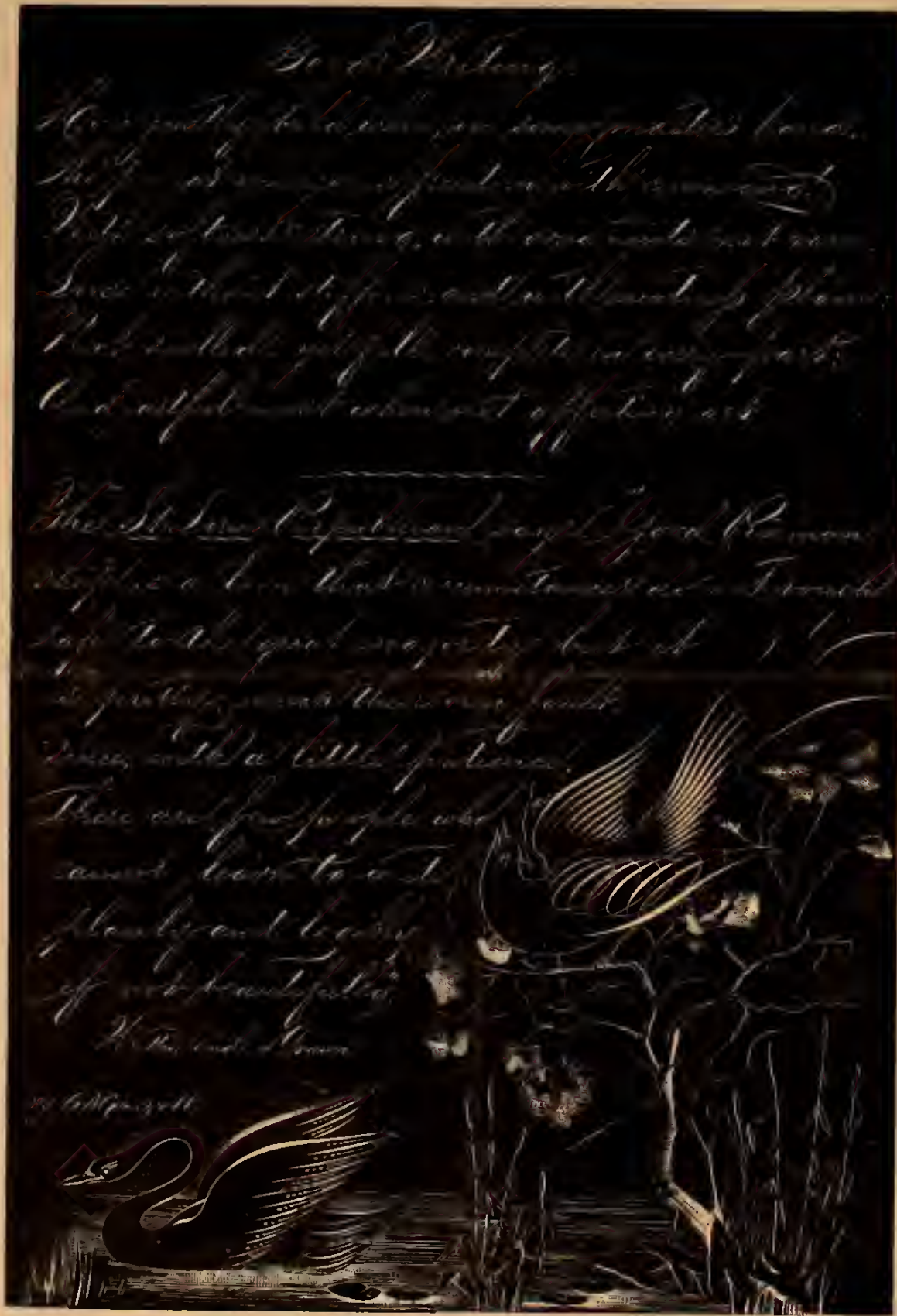
Kingsville, Ohio, April 20, 1881.

## Concentration.

One talent, well cultivated, deepened and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success, at this day, when so many matters are clamoring for attention, is concentration—to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. The day of universal scholars is past. "Life is short and art is long." The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it, and the men who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, eye, tongue, heart and brain. Broad culture, many sidedness are beautiful things to contemplate; but it is the

narrow edge men, the men of single and intense purpose who steel their souls against all things else, who accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.—*Baptist Weekly.*

THE MOSS ENGRAVING CO., of this city, are doing as fine work in their line as has ever been done. The portraits in this issue are fair samples of it. They fill all orders promptly, and their prices are reasonable.—*See advertisement inside.*



BLACKBOARD WRITING AND DRAWING.

an impression upon the mind and be retained. The limits of this article will only admit of a more extended notice of one or two subjects. First,

## PENMANSHIP,

both ornamental and practical, flourishing and lettering, included.

Having taught writing forty years, not only as taught before 1842, but in connection with Spencer, Rice, Cowley, and Lusk, and in many colleges, and carefully considered all methods, I was naturally curious to see how Brother Gas-

In truth, so complete and full is everything in this department, that I see nothing wanting. Hence the book furnishes all that any one needs on this subject. Orthography, elocution, oratory, etc., are all just as skilfully handled. The method of teaching and explaining each is just as simple, practical, and complete; and so we might say of book-keeping and a thousand other matters in this volume. It has, all through, the impress of all improvements of this age in the book line to give it value and make it desirable to





# RICE'S WHEREABOUTS.

OFFICE OF BRYANT & STRATTON'S  
BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
CHICAGO, May 23, 1881.

I notice in last GAZETTE some one wants to know my whereabouts.

Please inform me that I have a permanent position as teacher and correspondent in this institution, and any mail addressed here will reach me.

I shall soon take a vacation of several months, and will spend the time in the vicinity of Denver, Colorado, and as a pastime, I am thinking of taking the agency for your Compendium of Forms.

Yours,

C. W. RICE.

## INDIA INK AND INKSTANDS.

"Will you please inform me the price of India ink per stick, and inkstands to prepare it in, and where can I get them?"—EUGENE MOCK, Waspecon, Ind.

India ink costs from fifty cents to a dollar or so a stick; it stands range in price all the way from forty cents to three dollars. Any first class dealer in artists' materials will supply you.

## SELDON R. HOPKINS.

"Can you favor me with the business address of Seldon R. Hopkins, of New York? If so, please oblige."—F. C. CHEEVER, Saugus, Mass.

Address Seldon R. Hopkins, publisher of "The Book-keeper," New York City.

## AUTOGRAPHS.

"Are you going to use any more autographs in your GAZETTE? Some of your patrons are making the inquiry. We would like to see more of them, both old and new styles."—J. H. WILLIAMS, Winchester, Ind.

The autographs showing improvement from using Gaskell's Compendium are published each month in *Scribner's Monthly*; we have not the space to give them in the GAZETTE.

## COST OF AN AUTOGRAPH CUT.

"Please tell me what it would cost me to procure my signature on a plate, the size yours are engraved, also an electrolyzed copy of same."—F. F. HINSON, Monticello, N. C.

Russell & Richardson charge \$2.50 for engraving a single autograph. The Moss Engraving Co. will do the work for less. Electrotyped of such cuts cost from 25c. to 50c. each.

## BACK NUMBERS.

"Please inform me what you will charge for back numbers of the GAZETTE, complete, from as far back as you have, and oblige M. H. CALLAHAN, Tangipahoa, La., and many others."

We can furnish no back numbers at any price. The only way to get back numbers is to advertise for them.

## DOES NOT SPOIL THE HAND.

"Please tell me if writing with the oblique pen holder spoils the hand for writing with a straight one?"—W. H. P., Northfield, Iowa.

It does not.

## PEN HOLDING.

"Should the pen be held very lightly or firmly?"—L. E. Fullen, Tenn.

Firmly, but easily; the fingers should not be cramped.

## MOVEMENT PRACTICE NEEDED—ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP.

"I have been reading the articles by S. S. Packard with great interest. They are very encouraging to the student of penmanship, and through their influence the author will do much good. Many who set out with the determination to become accomplished penmen are discouraged by failure. Mr. Packard's 'Reminiscences' will give to such strength and courage to go on. Such, at least, is my experience. Sometimes I almost despair, but am determined to become accomplished in the art which I so much love. When in school, the half hour devoted to that branch was a severe punishment to me. As a result, my writing was scarcely legible. My teacher told me that I had no talent for it, and could never learn to use the pen well. After leaving school I began the study with very limited help. My progress, as you may guess, was not the most rapid. I have at last learned to write a legible hand; but I cannot write rapidly, and my lines are not as smooth as they should be. I am anxious to prepare myself for a teacher, and want to know how I may correct the faults which hinder my progress. How may I learn ornamental penmanship and pen drawing? By answering, you will greatly oblige one who wants to succeed."—SUBSCRIBER, Bowlingbrook, Ga.

You need more practice on movement exercises to develop a better command of the forearm. You will learn ornamental penmanship by following some author's hints and examples, or by placing yourself under a thoroughly good teacher.

## OUR WRITING COMPENDIUM.

"What does your penmanship 'Compendium' consist of? Is it copies only, or does it give instructions and principles in writing? I would like to improve my handwriting, and think your Compendium is what I want. What is the price, post paid?"—HANFORD A. GROVES, Newark Valley, N. Y.

Gaskell's Compendium of Penmanship consists of copy slips, printed instructions, ornamental work, etc. In the instructions the principles are explained fully; so, also, are position, movement, etc. The price is one dollar.

## BLACK INK.

"Are the ink recipes advertised by J. S. Gaskell in the GAZETTE first class? If the black ink can be made easily, a big thing can be made out of it here."—JOHN T. M., Montclair, N. J.

We have tried the black ink made from his directions; it is as good as any we ever saw. Several of our subscribers have written us to show the brilliancy of the ink they have made from the recipe, and are proud of their success. We see nothing to prevent you from doing well with it, as good ink is not so plenty that the market is overstocked.

(For the Penman's Gazette.)

## Language.

By J. H. WARREN, late Professor of Penmanship in the Business Colleges of Philadelphia.

The superiority of writing, as a language of common necessity, its relation to printing, and its own legitimate sphere as an exponent of thought, will first be considered.

The desire to communicate our thoughts to others is natural to us all, and its gratification is consequently one of the highest sources of enjoyment. It is this which makes us social beings, and is, therefore, the very basis of society. Without society, and its social and moral influences, where would we find enjoyment? It is a wise provision of Providence that we have such a variety

of ways by which we can convey our thoughts.

Our Creator has given to all the higher order of beings the power of manifesting their wants to each other in a more or less intelligible manner. Although man is endowed with the faculty of the natural language in a much greater degree than any other animal, yet he is unable to express his thoughts and emotions, and has, therefore, invented a method of communicating, called artificial language.

Natural language is expressed in a variety of ways, as the crying of a child denotes grief; the gestures, the bark of a dog, etc., are examples of natural language; so artificial language is manifested in several ways, as talking, handwriting, photography, telegraphy, etc.

Since artificial language is capable of conveying every variety of thought and emotion, natural language is used only in connection with it, and is very little cultivated. Neither the natural or artificial language can perform the office of the other.

Writing fills an office in language which no other department of either language can, for the permanent nature of visible characters renders a transmission of ideas and thoughts to an inexhaustive number, and unlimited time and space.

In committing to paper matters involving important items of commerce, or sentiments of friendship in family letters, and letters of all forms of friendship, it would seem that not only the best materials of stationery should be procured, that the tidy appearance of these communications be preserved, but that the character of the penmanship should be legible, beautiful and simple. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

How grateful we ought to be that we are gifted with the power of conception, and have at our service men who can teach us to write, and to frame commercial and ceremonious letters according to the customs of business men, and the polite and genteel society of the present day. There was a time when kings and queens, as well as others of the highest social standing, could not write their names; not so very long ago, only a few hundred years back, when learning was confined to the few.

Although printing revolutionized society over four hundred years ago, and possesses many obvious advantages for dissemination of thought, yet the pen, instead of being dispensed with, has become the most powerful auxiliary of the press, accomplishes more, and has a wider influence than ever before. At no time in the history of the world has education made such rapid and universal progress.

No invention of man has yet been able to supersede the pen as the primary exponent of thought, and its use, instead of being confined to the few, as in times past, is now essayed to be taught to every individual. Upon it rests the whole superstructure of commerce and literature, while it affords the readiest means of communication between parties separated by distance, as to their business, their plans, their hopes and their affections.

The next issue of the GAZETTE will be ready July 19.

## Self Teaching.

EASTON, PA., June 6, 1881.

To the Editor of the Penman's Gazette:

The fourth issue of your paper has been received. I do not hesitate to say most emphatically, that it is the best paper for penmen and penmanship ever published. If you will permit me the use of your columns, I will give to your many readers a brief description of my experience with the Compendium. Three years after the first issue of the Compendium, I sent for a copy of it, which I duly received a few days afterwards. Like the best paper for penmen, it was a failure. I was unable to read or copy, and had failed to acquire in easy and good handwriting. I read the instructions over once, and then laid them away, instead of carefully studying the elementary lines, so that I might have recognized them in letters of various forms. I next took up at Slip A, and thinking it of little significance to waste time practicing those "curly-cues," I took up Nos. 15, 16, and 18, and commenced trying to imitate them; but here I soon exhausted all patience, and so I put them in the case, and put them away, never to look at them again. I dare say there are others who have even done worse, burned them or thrown them away, and thought they must on to some other learning to write well. This, however, I did not do, but gave it to a friend, who, I hope, has made better use of it than I did. I write this in justice to the author, and as a warning to others. Five months ago I requested you to send me a specimen copy of the GAZETTE, which you kindly sent me, and for which I am very much obliged to you. In that issue I noticed several very fine autographs, claimed to have been acquired from the Compendium. I at once made up my mind to reform, so that if ever I wished to write business letters, or was asked to write in some lady's album, I would have no need to be ashamed of my handwriting, and so I at once dispatched an order for another Compendium and one year's subscription to the GAZETTE. This time, however, I was a little wiser, and studied the book of instructions till I was thoroughly acquainted with its contents before practicing with the pen. I follow the instructions to the letter, and I am now satisfied, if I had done so before, I would have been a penman in ten days.

With this, I will inclose specimens of my handwriting, before and after using the Compendium three months, and my improvement, which is wholly due to the Compendium and GAZETTE. From the GAZETTE I have already learned points worth five times the subscription price I paid. No student in penmanship should be without it, as it encourages all to do their best, and imparts valuable information to a learner.

Very respectfully,

P. HENRY LUDWIG.

A Baltimore clergyman recently preached on the subject: "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" We suppose because he did not advertise!"—*Harvey.*

Certainly. And if the reader wants to attend a poor school, let him select a business college whose proprietor hasn't energy enough to advertise it. It is impossible to maintain a large and successful private school of any kind without advertising it in one way or another. Merit alone ought to support it, no doubt; but it won't.

## The Swan.

Another penman gives learners explicit directions for making the swan:

The commencing line begins just below the eye of the swan, in the concave curve which forms the lower portion of the head; it continues up the neck, around the body, and forming the wings, then down forming the tail—all without once raising the pen. Now, the penman goes back, lengthens out the curves in the bill, and finishes the neck; he touches up the defective strokes and inserts the eye.

Then, after inserting the alert, the other flourishes are made. The hair lines are then ornamented, and the broken lines retouched, by holding the pen in the ordinary way. The flourish is then complete.



[For the "Penman's Gazette."]

Experiences of an Applicant for a  
"Situation."

BY I. S. H.

Jane Jones was an orphan, and entirely dependent upon her own resources for pecuniary support. She possessed a good common school education, an average share of common sense, and a little more than the usual amount of business training generally acquired by ladies. She had no influential friends to whom she felt at liberty to apply for assistance, and being of rather an independent disposition, would doubtless have preferred to help herself even if she had numbered among her relatives those high in social and commercial circles.

At length she decided to visit one of the larger cities, and win for herself a place, although well aware that the chances for a stranger in a strange city were somewhat speculative. She arrived on a dismal day in early spring, and purchasing a paper of a newsboy, eagerly scanned the advertisements in search of "Rooms to Rent," or "Boarders Wanted." By a process of rapid reasoning known only to the feminine mind, and perhaps rightly termed intuition, she decided upon a street and number, and requested an omnibus driver to take her there.

Arriving at her destination, she desired the driver to wait a few minutes until she could see if the place would be likely to furnish suitable accommodations. On ringing the bell, the door was opened by a neat looking servant, who upon learning Miss Jane's errand, led the way to a bright, little parlor, and retired to call her mistress. Landlady and lodger were mutually pleased with each other, and arrangements speedily concluded.

Next morning Jane visited the leading newspaper offices, and inserted cards in the advertising columns under the head of "Situations Wanted;" a week went by and no light had yet dawned on her darkened pathway. But she possessed a good stock of patience, and had come prepared to make the most of it. By this time she had become somewhat familiar with the streets, and most prominent business places, but could hear of no employment except canvassing and domestic service. She had no false pride, and determined to accept the latter if nothing better offered itself within a few days; but fate, or her own energy, had decreed otherwise, and at last there came an answer to one of her advertisements, asking a reply in her own handwriting.

Assuming her best style of penmanship, Jane hastily complied, and soon received a note requesting her to call at the office of Smith & Co., prominent business men of the city. On reaching the number designated, she was, after some little meditation on the part of Smith & Co., who seemed to prefer employing some representative of the sterner sex, offered the position of business correspondent, if, after a week's trial, they found her work satisfactory.

At the expiration of the time mentioned, she was informed that she could remain, if she still desired to retain the position. After becoming somewhat acquainted, Jane one day asked the

senior partner what had induced them to answer the advertisement, and was told that they had first been attracted by its wording, and by the fact that she had signed her own name, and given street and number, adding:

"There is no reason why one should be ashamed of honest work, and I don't admire the custom of addressing applicants by initials, at some box of some newspaper office."

"The straightforward individual who will sign his full name to a confession, that he is seeking honorable employment, is the one that suits me best, and I think most business men share that opinion."

Superior Specialists for Wood Engraving.

**MOSS ENGRAVING CO.**

(Moss's New Process) April 7, 1890

635 EEARL ST., NEW YORK

Engraving the Finest Work in the World.

ENGRAVINGS OF PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, LANDSCAPES, MACHINERY, MAPS, ORNAMENTAL LETTERING AND GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS FOR NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, CATALOGUES, etc. Work done with the Finest Tools.

Send your name for a list of prices. Send your photographs. Photo made in 10 days.

## CARDS / CARDS !! CARDS !!!

**WANTED** the address of every penman in the U. S., that we may at once send them our new reduced price list of Penman's Specialties. We make our cards from the finest stock, and will guarantee prices lower than New York houses. Our gilt and bevel edge we make in 50 styles. Clipped, round, square and crescent, 2x3 1/2, or oblong, white, cream or tinted stock, price per box of 300 cards, 12 packs, one style or assorted, in gilt edge, 75c.; bevel edge, \$1.60; turned corner bevel, \$1.85; leaf bevel, \$2.00; patented L'Elite, \$1.85; envelope bevel, \$2.85; cable bevel, \$2.35; turned corner, \$2.50; pasted extra heavy Bristol, bevel tinted edge, \$2.75. Above prices include postage. Hand Painted Beveled Scroll cards, white and colored Bristol, at low prices: samples, 25c.

NEW ENGLAND CARD CO.,

Manufacturers,

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

We take pleasure in recommending above Company to our readers.

G. A. GASKELL.

## EVERYBODY WANTS GOOD INK!

INKS.  
BLUE,  
BROWN,  
PURPLE,  
SCARLET,  
YELLOW,  
RED,  
WHITE,  
GREEN,  
GOLD,  
SILVER,  
INDIA,  
INK POWDER,  
INDELIBLE,  
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